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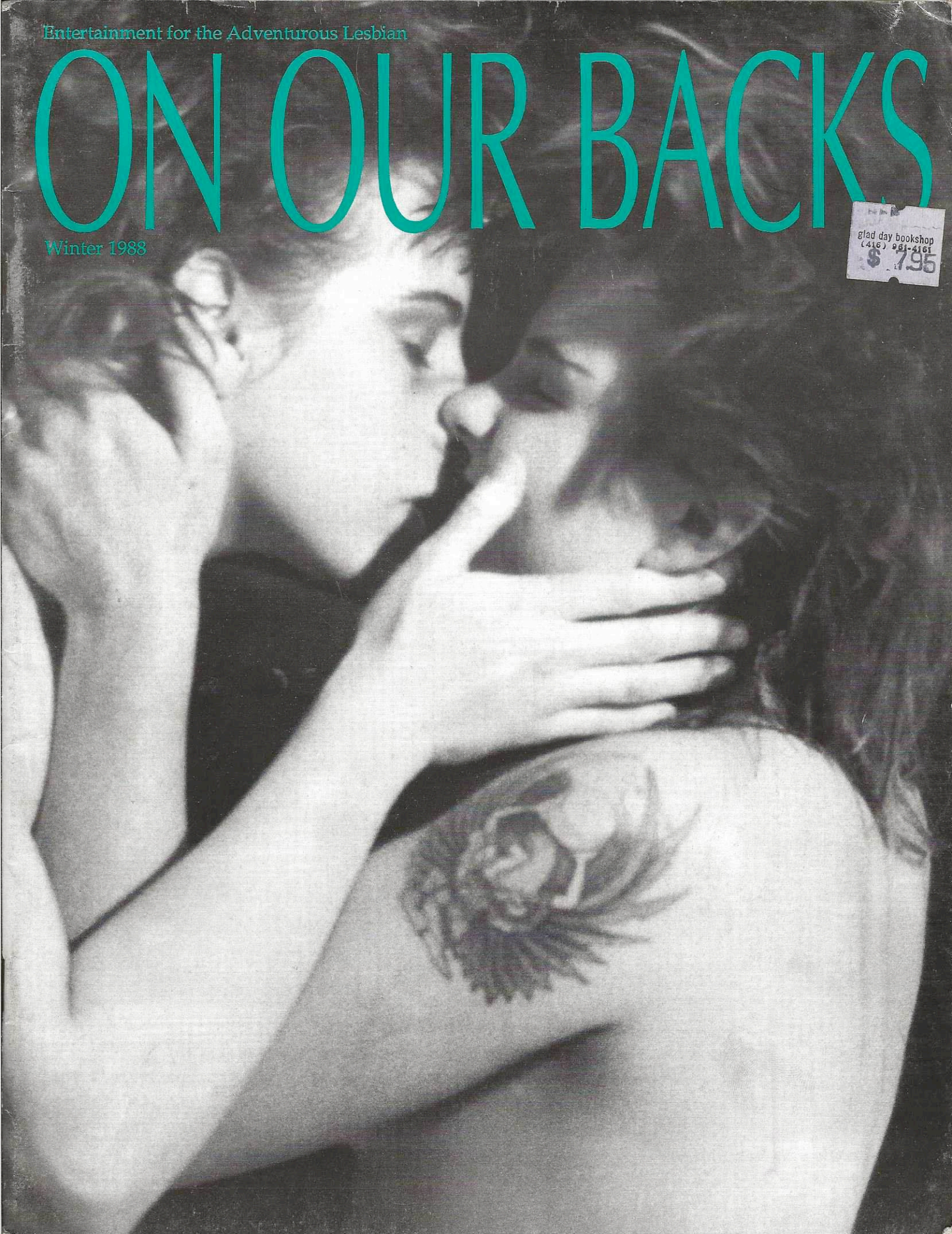
Winter 1988



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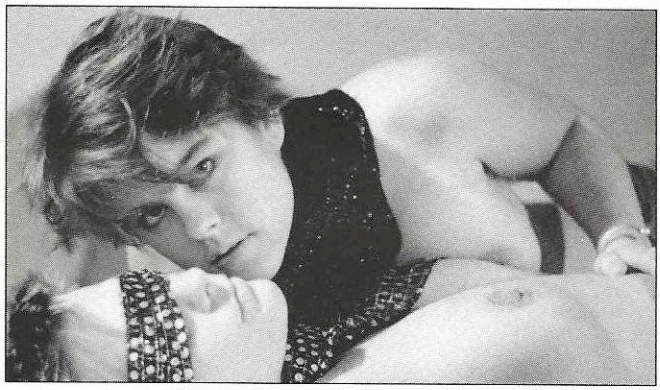

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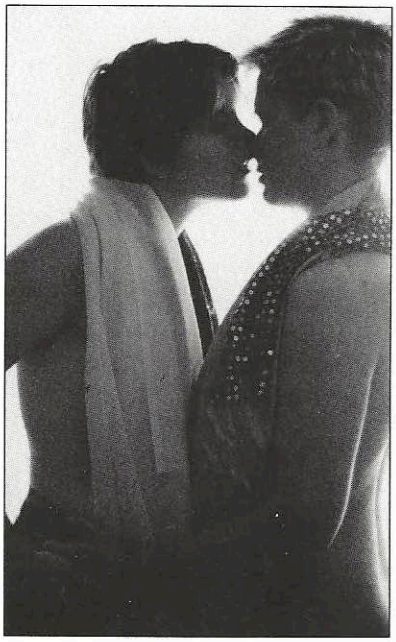

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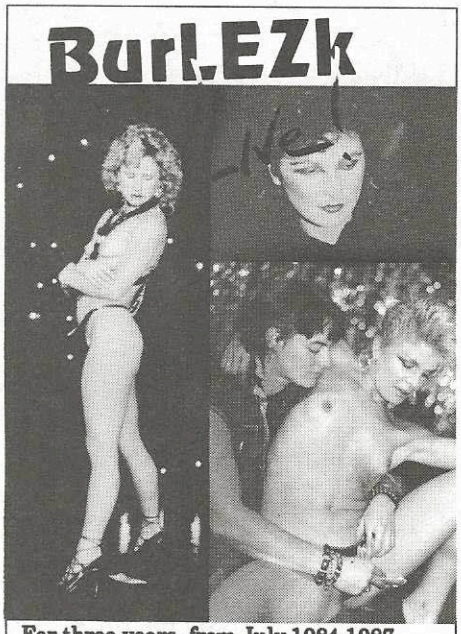

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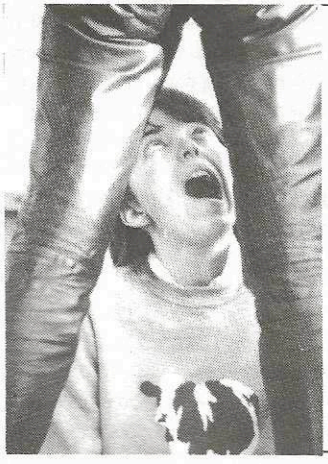

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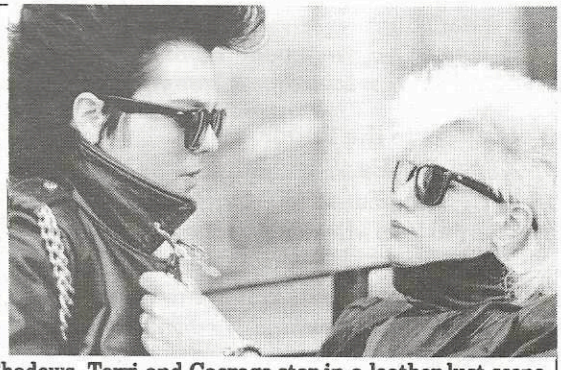

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Models: Touchant and Julie

We recently had a discussion of *On Our Backs* in our collective. We'd received a couple of customer complaints (women who felt the mag could be described as porn), and through discussion, found that some of our collective members were also not comfortable with the mag. After extensive (stimulating, but also reasonable and non-trashy) discussion, we have decided to keep it, but we don't necessarily have to like everything we carry.

Many collectives like *On Our Backs* a lot. It is our biggest seller.

S. Reddick
Red & Black Books
Seattle, WA

The photography in the Fall '87 issue of *On Our Backs* was great, especially the cover. These women have character! I'm glad *On Our Backs* is getting away from its leather-on-leather image. It's too limiting for a lesbian sex magazine to have the exclusive reputation of a lesbian S&M magazine. Besides, most vanilla sex photos don't look as silly as most S&M ones.

Congrats on your safe sex feature, which I hope will be available as an off-print. *(Ed.: Yes, you can order photocopies of "Lesbians, AIDS, and Safe Sex" for $1.00 each plus S.A.S.E.)*

Two points about safe sex: first, your consultant lists tribadism as safe, but it seems to me there are two varieties of tribadism with different risk factors. Cunt-on-leg tribadism is undoubtedly safe for anyone without broken skin on the leg, but cunt-to-cunt tribadism involves contact of bodily fluids and of mucous membranes. My woman and I would appreciate some clarification. (Unless we are the only two dykes who ever got our cunts together, so would others.)

The second point is a safe-sex suggestion: use a hand-held hollow dildo, also known as a sheath. (We used them for years before it mattered that they're safe.) It combines some of the best parts of finger-fucking and dildoing. The flexible plastic changes shape with pressure from vaginal muscles, so when your fingers are inside, you know what your friend's cunt is doing. You can use it to thrust

Evans-Brill

or to rock, or move your fingers around in it and be creative about where and how you push. Because of its shape, a sheath spreads the impact of whatever you do over a wider area than if you just used your hand, and makes possible movements that would be too rough for finger-fucking. It's one of the cheaper items at any straight "adult" store and, like any dildo, should be used with a condom.

Meryl Barkham
Menlo Park, CA

I would have thought that a lesbian erotica magazine would be the last place to find a rape fantasy. But no, there it was, in the Fall '87 issue of *On Our Backs*. And not *one*, but *three* stories involving the manipulation of a woman into being a frightened, passive victim. How your male readers must have loved them, particularly the condition of Zrie's skin at the end of her "love" session with her rapist.

Where does Susie Bright find these stories? Is Susie Bright really a man? No woman — particularly women who have been abused in one way or another — would print or advocate such misogynistic trash. If you do, write for the straight mainstream magazines.

Mercedes Vasquez
San Francisco

A comment I have noticed mentioned in *On Our Backs* with recurring frequency pertains to the subject of sex, and the lack of it within long-term relationships.

This idea perturbs me somewhat, as it does seem to have a ring of truth to it, and that perturbs me even more.

Can you tell me if there has been a study on this theory, either quasi-scientific or even general? Or is it one of those "things" we just take for granted is supposed to come true, like sagging breasts?

Quite honestly, I feel if there has been no written matter on the subject, perhaps *On Our Backs* should once again lead the way in bringing the issue up front and addressing it directly. Perhaps a survey with published results?

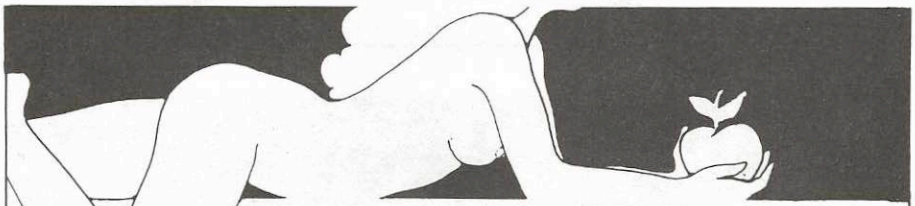
I do not cherish the thought that lack of sex in return for steady companionship in life is what I am facing.

D.M. Diamond
Nevada City, CA

Ed.: See Sexpoint *in this issue for Joann Loulan's views on "Lesbian Bed Death".*

I think *On Our Backs* gets better every time I read it. I loved the cover of the Summer '87 issue, and Pat Califia's article on non-monogamy has a long awaited validation of the life

(continued on page 5)



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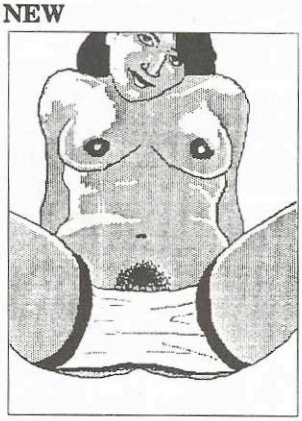

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Publisher
Debi Sundahl

Associate Publisher
Nan Kinney

Editor
Susie Bright

Distribution
Greta Christina

Advertising
Roseanne Johnson

Staff Photographer
Honey Lee Cottrell

Special Thanks
Lyndall MacCowan,
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my primary partner and I try to lead — it was also funny as hell. "Lesbians are the only people who treat sluts worse than high school girls" — what a line, and so, so true. I'm going to send Califia's article to every dyke I've ever had a monogamy/non-monogamy argument with. I might have to rent a photocopying machine to do this mailing.

Also, please tell your readers that Ithaca, NY is not the P.C.-monogamous wasteland it appears to be. I've stumbled onto a slut sub-culture here that is alive and kicking (humping, slapping...).

Another High School Girl's Nightmare
Ithaca, NY

My Fall '87 *On Our Backs* was by far the best so far! Like usual I read it all the first night, and have read the "Safe Sex Shopping" a couple of times. We all need to be reminded of the risks and proper protection for us lesbians. The article that I have gotten off each time I reread was *Oasis* by Martha Courtot, because ever since high school, I have always got off with mutual masturbation. I really enjoy not only watching a woman fuck herself, but also watching her, watch me come!! Even when I'm alone, a mirror does a great job!!! (If you have not tried it, DO!!)

Monica Martin
Milwaukee, WI

Thank you for the "Private Pleasures" video. We showed it as part of our New Mexico Women's Erotica Night here this month.

Admission was free (we were sponsored by Common Bond—the local gay center) and we had a huge turnout that far exceeded our expectations—in fact there was standing room only! We had erotic poetry readings, a toy show (and what a haul we got from those supposedly conservative gals out there), a live erotic fashion show and several movies. Yours was clearly the favorite. There were discussions of sexuality and all viewpoints were honored. New Mexico is not known for its availability of erotica, but we are finding lots of lusty women anyway.

Mari Taggart
Albuquerque, NM

I bought your magazine with great gusto; however, after reading the story *Daddy*, I was revolted, disgusted and not amused. Please tell me, for whom was this written? Also, is *On Our Backs* really run by women?

Please try to remember that 1 in 4 of your audience, that is the women of your audience, have been raped. I wonder if this author has been raped and/or sexually humiliated. It isn't fun.

Colleen Aucrile
Oakland, CA

The author replies:

Daddy *is a fantasy, not reality. When I act out this fantasy it is with a consenting adult lesbian. There is a world of difference between sexual humiliation in reality and in fantasy. My story has nothing to do with rape.*

I wrote my story for all the women who have this fantasy. I believe that we cannot judge our fantasies—whatever works—whatever gets you wet—as long as acting it out involves consenting adults. It wasn't so long ago that lesbian fantasies were judged sick and disgusting.

Ann Wertheim
Los Angeles

I looked at my first copy of *On Our Backs* and flipped. Gotta have more of this, I decided.

I don't have a checking account anymore—my credit union issues me bank checks when I submit an amount and a payor to them. So I wrote "$10.00 check—subscription to *"On Our Backs"* on a sheet of paper and gave it to a young female teller.

She smiled at the paper and my first thought was, *HMM, maybe she knows what this is about.* Then she said to me, "Funny name, *On Our Backs,* What is that?"

"A magazine," I told her.

She looked again."*On Our Backs,*" she said, the wheels turning slowly. "Is it a magazine for auto mechanics?"

I stifled a laugh and harumphed something or other under my breath about eroticism as she handed me the check. Auto mechanics, indeed!

M. James
Northridge, CA

Having just heard about *On Our Backs,* I am writing to let you know a little about ourselves, in case you think some of your members might be interested. We are a rather unique Victorian/1920's all-female household. We have friends all over Britain and Europe who visit us often to share in our unique life. Among other things, this is perhaps the only place in the world where women can be trained as maidservants, mistresses or old-fashioned schoolgirls under traditional discipline. We do not regard the things we do as games or fantasies. We really live in this way. We are not a part of the late twentieth-century, and we ask those who contact us to do us the courtesy of leaving late-twentieth century ways and manners outside the door, so to speak, when entering our world. We would not, for example, welcome openly sexual talk.

For women who are interested in contacting an alternative world which is at once witty, flamboyant and fantastical, and at the same time prim, strict and strait-laced, Kincasslagh house will be happy to tell you more about ourselves.

Selina Hartfield (Miss)
Kincasslagh House
Burtonport, County Donegal
Ireland

FISTING TWO

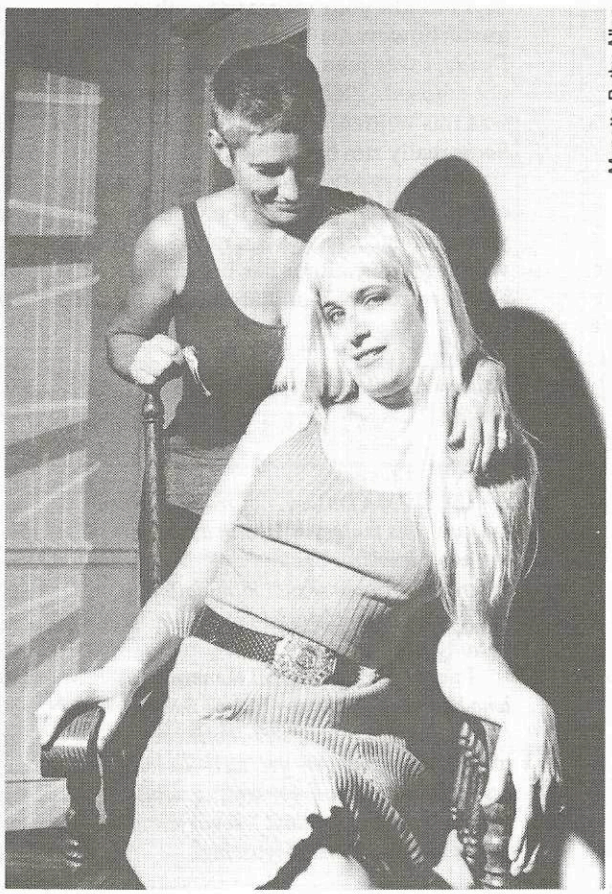
Susie Sexpert reports: Oh, sodomy... It doesn't come naturally just because you're gay. We stumble and fumble and watch dirty movies for tips, but there's a lot to lesbian sex that doesn't get talked about. I recently had the pleasure of hosting a hands-on lesbian fist fucking workshop, in Seattle, during the 1987 Living In Leather conference. Such an outrageous subject meant doing a little extra work to get it organized. LaMar, owner of *Tattoo You*, promised me a real live doctor's examination table. For participants, I took out a classified ad in the *Seattle Gay News*, to recruit "vaginally able volunteers". I got a couple of crank calls, but one diamond. A woman named Donna said that she and her lover were fisting gourmets, and she would be happy to be my guinea pig.

I was nervous about meeting Donna in person. I wanted to do a brief rehearsal with her privately before the main event, but how was I to ask? "Excuse me, but shall we do this alone once so I make sure that I can get in and out?"

I put on my best Susie Sexpert manners and suggested we talk about all the details first, which proved to be invaluable. Unlike some women whose favorite fisting movement is a slow clenching and unclenching, what Donna preferred was more circular massage motions. She showed me where to put extra lubrication around my gloved hand. When we got closer to our trial run, I sugggested she bring her lover, Carrie, for bedside reassurance.

The next afternoon, 60 women crammed into a small airless room for The Vaginal Fisting Workshop. The tension was so thick you could have wired your home with it. First I passed out my rubber gloves, condoms and dams, with a few words on safe sex techniques. Rubber or vinyl gloves are really superior for fisting over naked hands. They grease up better and give a smoother surface going in.

I asked who in the room had read my original column on fisting (Winter 87), and to my amazement, everyone raised their hands. I explained that I wanted to hear about others' experiences with all the details of fisting. Why do we like fisting? Does it ever hurt, and why? What are the effects of drugs, surgery, other health problems? Is there fisting performance anxiety? Does fisting always lead to orgasm?



Manette Pathy Allen

Susie and Honey Lee Cottrell

A couple women began by complaining that some lovers they fisted wanted to be fucked too hard, and they were worried that they were going to hurt their partner by complying with this request. Just as there seemed to be a consensus against rough fucks, a brave soul spoke up. "I like getting fisted hard, I like my cervix getting bumped. Sometimes I spot (menstrual blood) the next day, and I used to worry whether I was hurting myself, but I don't experience any other symptoms."

That drew a pause. This is simply something you can't go ask your doctor about, not just because you're embarrassed, but because the damn doctor doesn't know anything about it! We discussed what we know about the sensitivity of the cervix. Bruising or pressure isn't necessarily harmful, but prodding or piercing the cervix opening (the os) is dangerous, and obviously not what fisting is about.

Another women brought up that the peril isn't necessarily for the *fistee*, it's for the *fister*. She once had a lover orgasm while her hand was curled up inside, and the contractions broke a small bone in her hand! Her experience prompted a lot of handy hints on how to get out of a woman's cunt in a hurry, when your hand is caught in a vacuum. Methods include pressing gently on her lower abdomen, or using a finger on your free hand to pull a little on the vaginal opening, thereby breaking the suction. Simply relaxing until her muscles loosen is the simplest method. Just don't panic, or you'll have a funny time telling people why your hand is in a cast.

We moved onto orgasm. My experience with being fisted is that sometimes I feel like I'm choosing to go a long dreamy hard ride, which produces almost a meditative, or trippy feeling, but which does not have the high pitch to it that would lead toward orgasm. It's such a powerful feeling that I'm not unhappy to forego the orgasm, and occasionally I'm surprised to end up climaxing after all. Other lesbians in the workshop said this was true for them as well. It turned the conversation into a discussion of how just because you're not orgasm-oriented doesn't mean that you aren't hungry for other goals.

There were lots of other stories about women who can't get fisted reliably and feel humiliated when they can't open up, or lovers who say that the girlfriends complain that they aren't trying hard enough to fist them, but they feel like they will injure their partner or do something stupid if they force it. (True.) It really is awful when fisting becomes a tribute of lust that you have to PROVE to someone, just like many of us have felt compelled to orgasm "in the right way, at the right time" in order to prove our sexual prowess. Those kind of attitudes are paralyzing! Finally one woman said, "I'm tiny and proud. I've never been fisted, but I do enjoy fucking, and if it ever happens, that's fine, but I'm not losing sleep over it. I also enjoy fisting my lovers, which is why I'm here today."

It was time to slide out the examination table. Donna climbed on top, sans hospital sheet, and Carrie cozied up on her left. I squirted the last of my nonoxynol lube into my gloved palm, and was so excited that I waved my hand and splattered half of it on the audience. I started playing with the outside of Donna's pussy and telling everyone what we had discussed the night before, and how helpful it was to have an explicit conversation before getting it on. Soon I had all my fingers and thumb up to my big knuckles inside her. With one quick smooth motion I was inside of her up to my wrist.

I abruptly stopped my lecture and realized how hot the the room was: the red faces; stillness where there had been constant chatter before, all eyes intent on watching my hand move in and out. I think if I had kept it up any longer we might have had an orgy, but more likely we'd have run out of oxygen.

"I'm going to come out for good now, OK? Will somebody open up that door before we all pass out?"

Donna stood up, and we applauded each other. I started packing up my rubber utensils. It was hard to leave. Women kept coming up, telling me it was the best lesbian event they'd ever been to. I felt the same way. "What exactly did you like so much about it?"

One answer came from Lainie, another facilitator from the conference. She said, "What I liked the best was having an actual lesbian perform an actual act of penetration". That about sums it up. I'm pleased that fisting, the most secretive of all our activities, is bringing up sexual issues that lesbians are experts on.

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- **All photographs must have a label on the back with the photographer's name, address and phone number. On Our Backs is not responsible for unidentified photos.**
- **Entrants may submit any number of photos in the "single photo" category and 4to 10 photographs in the photo series category.**
- **Photos with recognizable models must be accompanied by a model's release. All models must be 18 or over.**
- **All prints and contest material sent to on On Our Backs will not be returned. Do Not send negatives.**
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ELECTRIC ECSTASY

I was in a small novelty gift shop at the mall, standing in the back and looking over the small selection of vibrators. I had never owned a sex toy, let alone used one, yet I stood there captivated.

I picked up a display model from the shelf, a basic long, white, hand held, battery operated version. Flicking the switch on the bottom, I allowed it to hum weakly in my hand for a moment. Disappointed, I put it back and chose another piece.

I tested three other vibrators, but none of them were fascinating enough to explore further. I began to walk away when a glimmering object caught the corner of my eye.

There IT sat, in its own place on top of the shelf, away from the rest. How could I have missed it before?

Slowly, I walked over and gazed up in awe as it shone down on me. I took it carefully off of its stand. It was a hand held vibrator, nine inches long, a little bigger in diameter from the rest and a shiny gold. This was the one!

Cautiously, I turned the black control dial on the bottom halfway. It didn't hum, it BUZZED.

Nearly dropping it on the floor, I couldn't believe the strength it possessed apart from the others. I checked around to see if anyone else had heard that. Luckily the rest of the customers were going about their business.

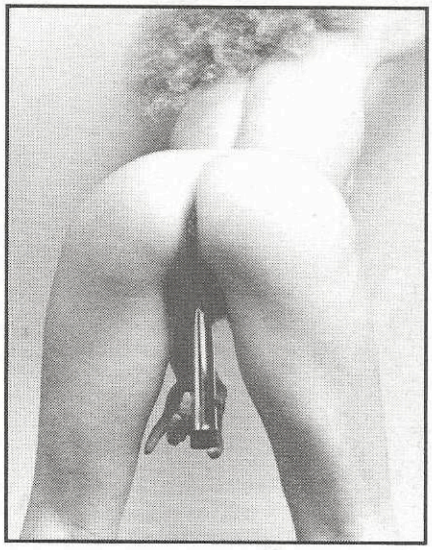
I stared at it again. My hand shook as it went to the dial once more. I turned it only a notch and the buzz was low. At that moment, I felt safe, knowing I had the object under my control this time.

I glanced around again, then moved the control a little more. I lowered the golden bullet to my cunt, swiftly running it over my jeans. A sensual chill ran through me.

SOLD...

But something was wrong. There were four others on the shelf along with the one I held in my hand, yet none of them had a price tag and they were all in clear plastic boxes.

"Uh, excuse me, how much is this?" I pictured myself screaming out to the cashier, holding it up for all to see. It seemed easy enough to want, but how to



buy it, in front of everyone? They'd all know I wasn't going to use it for tired neck muscles.

Still, I wanted it now, not another day when they all may have a price tag. I reached for a packaged model, my heart pounding, and managed to walk away with it, practically behind my back.

I weaved dizzily through the other customers in the aisles until I was standing at the register, alone with the cashier.

I laid the box on the counter. "There wasn't a price on this."

She raised an eyebrow at me, picked it up, and turned it over a few times as if she didn't believe me.

"I think it's $12.95," she said, reaching underneath and pulling out a thick stack of price lists stapled together. At that moment, a line started to form behind me.

Oh God... The vibrator sat on the counter openly. As casual and cool as one could be in such circumstances, I turned my head slowly to see who was in line beside me. Four men and a woman stood there, holding buttons, t-shirts, and posters, all of them staring at me.

"Oh, here it is...yeah, it's $12.95" the cashier announced in triumph for my embarrassment and punched it upon on the register.

After handing her the total, she dropped my new toy in a white see-thru plastic bag and handed it to me with an appreciative smile.

"Thank you, come again."

"...and again," I snickered to myself, leaving the store in a slight jog.

Now to buy batteries...

After a slow, torturous ride on the city bus, I made it home. I was sitting on the bed, running my hand over my new toy. It was all mine.

I tore open the buttons of my jeans and pulled them down slightly. The vibrator was cold as I slid it in my panties to between my lips. I adjusted it to the left side of my clit and slowly turned the speed control until it was buzzing enough to make me lie down.

I pulled the folds of skin upward to expose the area I was working on. My thumb turned the dial to the maximum. My hips automatically began to move while my cunt stroked the rattling rod. My head fell back against the pillow, eyes closing. Ecstasy was beginning...*her legs wrapped around my waist as the vibrator hummed between us. Our cunts moved together in sync on either side.*

Softly her hand went behind my head, her tongue kissing all around my neck to my lips. My hands stroked her bouncing breasts. She moved herself over me, shoving one tit against my mouth, the erected nipple poking in between my lips. I guided it in with my hand. She gasped in pleasure...

"Mmmmm..." I moaned deeply while the vibrator buzzed on...*her breast fell out as the tempo picked up. The cum covered vibrating object slid between us. She began to pant...*

"Uhhmmnnn," I murmured as my cunt began to numb...*the sweat beaded on her chin, fell to my chest in warm drops as our bodies slowed. The plateau rushed through us...*

I came in strong waves as the bullet thundered between my legs. It was a different orgasm, an electrical kind.

I lay quiet, my eyes still closed as the passion play continued in my mind.

We lay still, catching our breath... She raised her head from my shoulder and smiled at me. I felt her hand move between us, turning the dial slowly...

I wanted my money's worth.

LESBIAN PASSION: The JoAnn Loulan Interview

JoAnn Loulan is a lesbian therapist whose career in lesbian sex education has made her into a community celebrity. She has spoken to approximately 100,000 women across the country on the subject of lesbian sexuality. Her first book, Lesbian Sex, *has sold over 20,000 copies since 1984, and now her second volume,* Lesbian Passion, *lets her readers hear JoAnn speak at length about the issues she finds crucial in lesbian relationships.* Passion *also reveals the results of a lesbian sex survey which Loulan compiled from the results of 1,566 women who answered her questionnaire on their sexual habits and histories. Obviously, she's in touch with a lot of information that most lesbians can only speculate about. Susie Sexpert paid a visit to JoAnn to ask her the following Dozen Dirty Questions:*

Irene Young

JoAnn Loulan, lesbian sex therapist

Q: **Why haven't you been branded as one those horrible lesbian sex radicals who wants to shove their pornography down everyone's throat?**

A: Because I've taken such a middle-of-the-road stance. I'm the Eisenhower of the lesbian sex movement! You have to understand I work with a very big audience, and they are NOT the type of lesbians who have already been converted to being out of the closet about their sex lives. I have many women who come to my workshops who have never been to a lesbian event in their entire lives. They nearly faint when they walk into a room of 300 dykes. My mission, if you will, is to wake up those large uninitiated groups of lesbians to their sexuality. I want them to hear a loving, exciting message about lesbian sex. I want to broaden our perspective on lesbian sexuality to include talking about our self-esteem and how that's reflected in our sex lives, as well as the rest of our relationships.

I also surprise people with my appearance. I look like a cheerleader from Ohio. No one can believe that I actually get up on stage and say "Suck Clit".

Q: **In your chapter on sex toys, you say that when it comes to the issue of S/M, you "won't touch it with a ten foot pole." You've talked in support of S/M in the past — what happened?**

A: That's a misleading statement. I always have, and still do, defend people's sexual preferences on the basis of consent. But talking about S/M is a big buzz word. I do talk about dildos, and spanking and soft restraints, which could all be part of a S/M scene, but not necessarily. I can talk about different kinds of sex toys and fantasies without labelling them as sadomasochistic. I don't want to get in the middle of the "S/M Wars" as I call them.

Q: **In *Lesbian Passion*, you joke about how lesbian lovers can take turns wearing a dildo harness and that this could be "androgyny at its best." You address lesbians' fears about imitating men in their sexual habits. What is your own experience of introducing new sex toys or genderfuck fantasies in your relationships?**

A: I'm so glad I don't *have to be* androgynous anymore.

In the last year I have become aware of the butch/femme renaissance in the lesbian community, which I am now riding the crest of! I am attracted to athletic, butch women. I liked to get fucked by a woman with a dildo in her in 501 jeans. I have this very femme energy that I hid for years from the women's movement, because it wasn't politically correct. I actually changed the oil in my car strictly from peer pressure—and I hated it! I'm not into having oil under my fingernails to prove I'm a lesbian.

Q: **Why is this business of being "politically correct" such a lesbian specialty?**

A: Because lesbians want so badly to be part of the group; to have a community identity. We decided that we had to vote on every subject, including sex, which is a big one. The "S/M Wars" brought sex out of the closet, and we started voting on what was right or wrong to do in bed. We're terrified to have any differences. Women traditionally don't hold power, we're not taught how to be independent, and it's so hard for us to step out of the crowd.

Q: **Coming out of the closet is nothing new. Why do you put so much emphasis on it in your book?**

A: We can't fathom how deep homophobia impacts our lives—it's constant. We get used to living a double life. We've been so afraid of offending anyone with our lesbianism, that we've hidden it altogether. Our silent deal with the world has been,"I'll be a lesbian, but I won't talk about it, I won't have any fun, and we won't have sex".

The perfect example is how some people get so upset about *On Our Backs*. Underlying their remarks is their own homophobia. It's as if they're saying, "We can't talk about what we do when we have sex. Let's talk about coming out to our mothers, let's talk about sisterhood, or gay rights, but let's *not* talk about fingers in vaginas." That's forbidden.

(continued on page 37)

SODOMY SPOKEN HERE

Most lesbians know about the Hardwick sodomy case that went before the Supreme Court and provoked the most repressive ruling on homosexuality to come out of a modern court. But many lesbians do not think the law will be used against women, believing that only gay men are victimized by sodomy statutes.

Yet, in Atlanta, Georgia, the state that brought the Hardwick trial to fame, a lesbian mother named Leigh Vanderels has been denied custody of her child by a judge citing the state's anti-sodomy ruling: "The court finds that the mother has changed from the normal heterosexual act to an act of lesbianism, and that the change in sexual preference and the manner of exercising her homosexuality is a substantial change in the circumstances." The judge also read Ms. Vanderels the criminal definition of sodomy and asked her if lesbian sex could be included in the definition. Of course, she answered yes, and that was all the judge needed to deny custody. Appeal motions have been refused, and the case is now in the hands of the ACLU, which will have a hell of time doing anything about a law which has been held up by the highest justices in the land.

WOMENS AIDS RIOT

We know that AIDS affects women internationally, but there has not often been news of women in other countries fighting for civil and human rights of women infected with the virus. The real news is quite desperate. In San Paulo, Brazil, two women prisoners with AIDS took the prison director hostage who had ordered them to be put in isolation. They threatened to infect him if he did not rescind the order. Other women in the jail staged a demonstration in support of the infected prisoners and demanded amnesty for their action as well as a hearing for the women with AIDS, who have many criticisms regarding their treatment.

SUSIE SEXPERT GOES TO WASHINGTON

The National Gay Rights March on Washington: October 11, 1987. I have

T. A. Mostovoy

Members of "The Wedding" in Washington, DC

stood trembling in my snake tennis shoes in the midst of half a million people demanding gay rights, and I will never be the same. It took watching a three block long contingent from Georgia, an army of Manhattanites harmonizing "New York, New York," the bright corn fed faces of the Nebraska group, and the rage of the Orange County delegation ("Free Ron Jr!," they chanted as they passed the White House) to make me realize we are not only everywhere, we are Powerfully Everywhere.

The one thing that bothered me was how lesbians were represented. In numbers, we were there in force. It was definitely a 50/50 crowd. In organizing, women were involved at every level. But on the podium, where famous feminists spoke out dramatically on gay rights, they did not come out as lesbians themselves.

The media coverage talked about the "homosexual plight and protest", as if it were entirely a male concern. Viewers were left to assume that all those women in the picture must be somebody's mother.

We're somebody's mother alright. We're the mother of the modern feminist movement, we're half the birthright of gay power, and our "leaders" have their mouths so full of mush about human rights that they can never seem to form their lips around this simple phrase: "I am proud to be a lesbian."

At the civil disobedience protest against the Supreme Court's ruling on homosexual sodomy, the first contingent to break down the police barricades and go sit on the Court's steps were a lively group of lesbians. They carried a banner, and on it was emblazoned a pair of luscious pink lips. Ten years ago, that banner would have been a picture of a labyris, or a fist—militant but sexually closeted. But now when the Supreme Court has ruled that our caresses are illegal, we can protest by putting our pink mouths where our money is.

DYKE PHONE LINE GETS WIRES CROSSED

Have you ever called a gay hotline to get a referral to a lawyer, the location of a gay bar, or a lesbian support group? You might want to think twice before you dial the *Lesbian Line* in London, England. This switchboard has just celebrated their 10th anniversary with a tough new policy on how to handle callers whom the *Lesbian Line* suspects are in a S/M relationship, or who have S/M tendencies!

"We have a policy against S/M... we are opposed to S/M on the grounds that is anti-semitic and racist."

"Our policy goes as far as to not having anyone on the collective who is into S/M" (*how do they check?*).

"If a woman calls in and says she is in an S/M relationship, we reserve the right not to talk to her *unless she is on the receiving end of an S/M relationship.* We would try to support her, but not if she is trying to find ways of feeding that S/M relationship."

All you deviants out there, especially those who aren't WASPS, really owe it to the *Lesbian Line* to give them a call and confide to them just how deeply you are into feeding your sexual preference. You might want to remind them that it isn't that novel for homosexuals to be called sick, violent, a white man's disease, etc. We are quite accustomed to having the government make all sorts of POLICIES against us. Got their number? It's 01-251-6911, only $3.00 for three minutes from the U.S. to London.

FICTION

I looked out into the soft darkness.
Surely we were visible
from the far end of the galaxy.

MY RIDE WITH SAM

BY DESAI

The sky grew bigger, vaster, blacker. The lights of Oklahoma City fell away, until there were just us inside the yellowy metal hull. Us inside and the road and the night outside. You could sense the emptiness even if you couldn't see it. You had to take it on faith. No mountains hulked up to block the clutter of stars, no trees hemmed the road in.

"Boy", Sam said once, "is it empty out there." She drove with a certainty that she would be ambushed. The dark would get her, she was sure of that.

We stopped at a gas station. It was theatrically lit. Stepping out of the car to help Sam pump gas, I felt that this was a stage set, gas station attendant supplied by Central Casting. While I pumped, I looked out into the soft darkness. Surely we were visible from the far end of the galaxy.

Back on the road, Sam said, "I don't like this. Doesn't it scare you, all the darkness? There's nothing out there."

I shook my head. "No, I like it. I mean, it's scary. But I think I'd be okay lying out there all night watching the sky and listening to the wind."

Sam shuddered. "Let's play a game, okay? Think of a game or something."

"Like what?" I asked her.

She shrugged. Irritated. "I don't know," she said. "*You* think it up."

I turned and looked at her profile. Face tight, concentrated, almost ascetic. Lips full, cheeks sharply angled. Lights from oncoming cars washed over her, bathing her in light.

"It's too dark to play backgammon," I said.

She laughed.

"And you'd beat me, anyway," I told her, "so I don't want to play."

"Chickenshit. Do you only play when you can win?" she asked, then taunted, "You won't play many games with me, then."

"I hate to lose at games I've taught you."

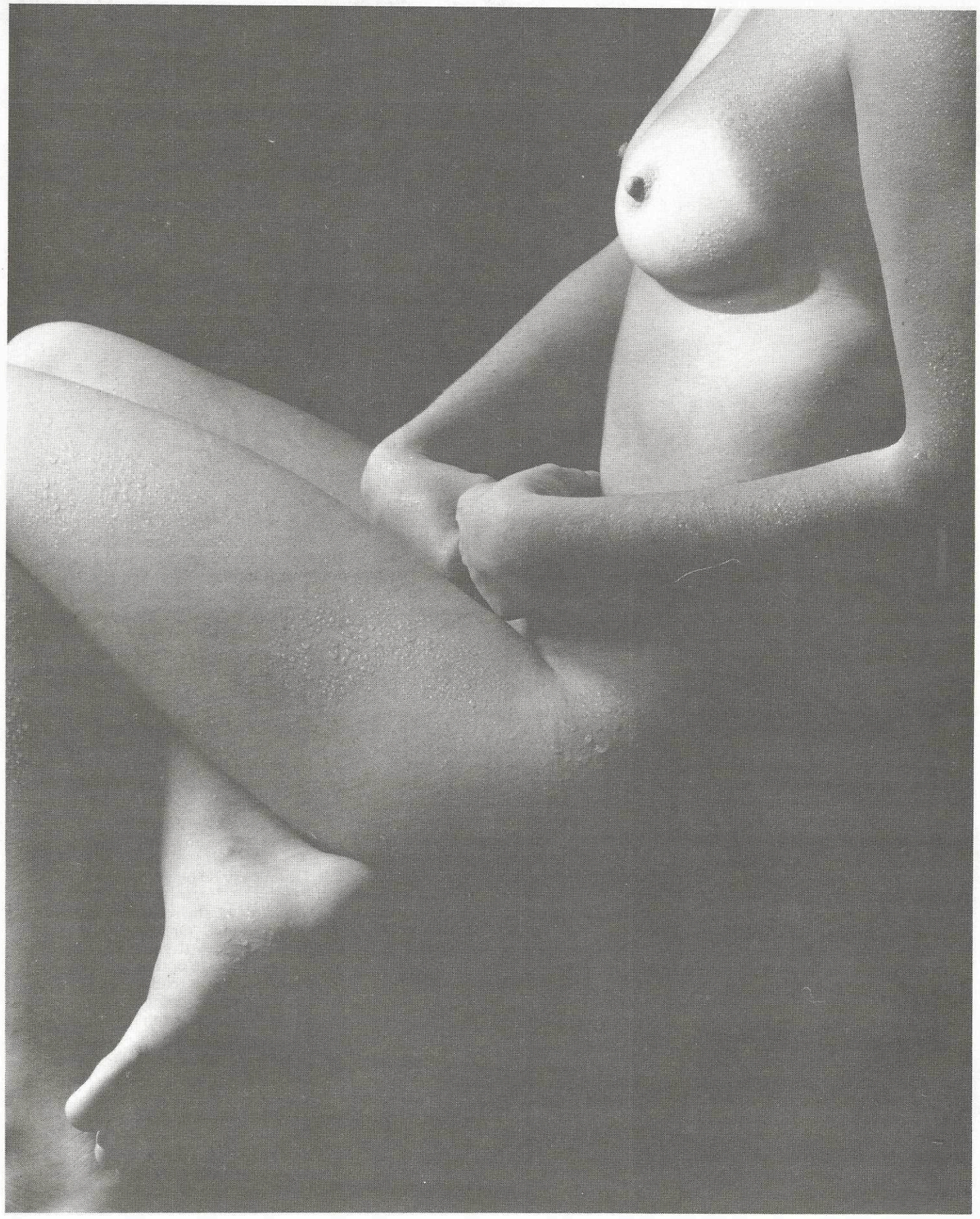
"Hey, I know," she said, grinning. "We'll play slave and I'll tell you what to do, step by step. You just do what I tell you. Let me think. What do I want you to do? I know— scratch my nose."

"I didn't say I'd play," I protested.

"You'll play," she said. Frowning at me. "Or I'll stop the car and put you out here at the edge of the desert and see if you really wouldn't mind sleeping under the stars. Scratch my nose."

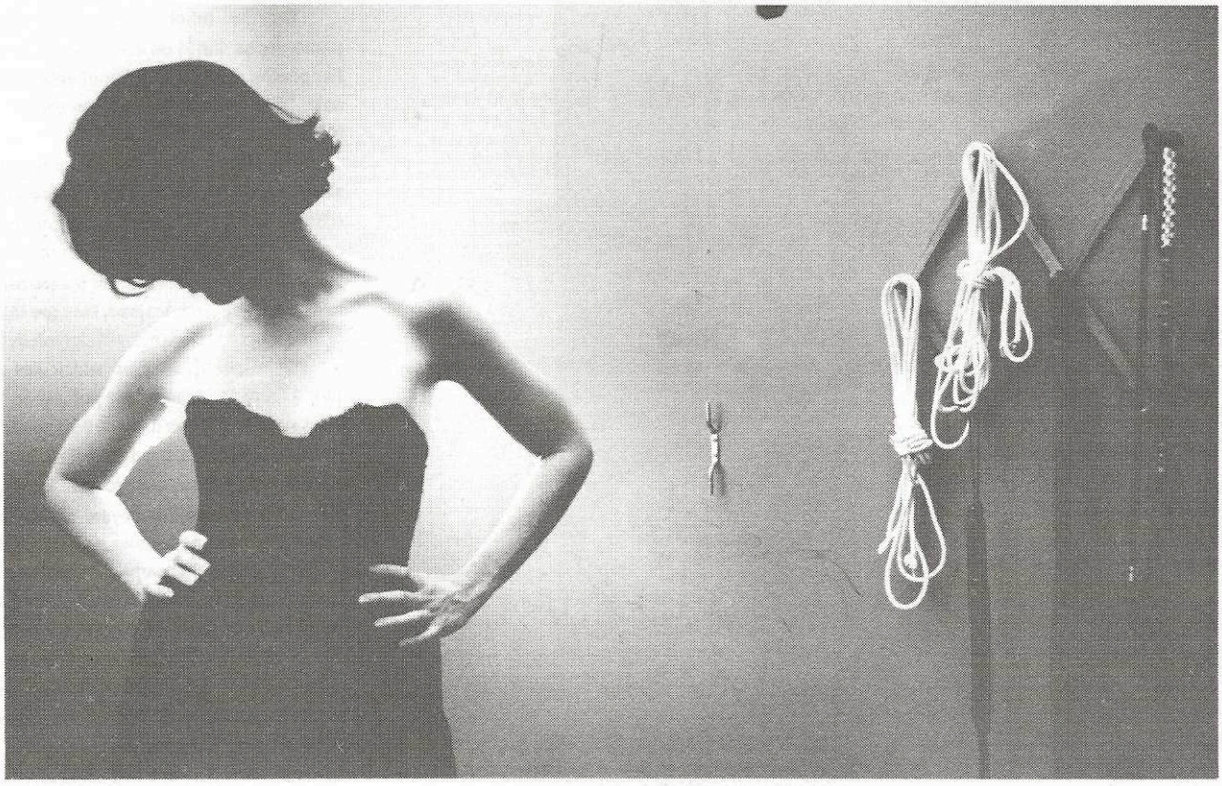
(continued on page 44)

PHOTO BY BARBARA SNELL



Cheryl Spears, Winner, Best Single Photograph

ON OUR BACKS EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY AWARDS

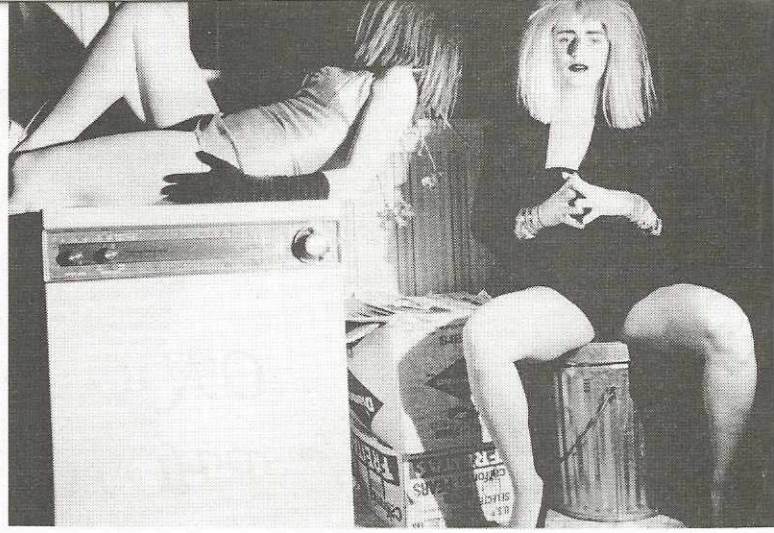


Tracy Mostovoy,
Winner, Best Photographic Series
More on pags 16-17

What is a lesbian erotic photo contest all about? The purpose of *On Our Backs Erotic Photography Awards* is to be a pioneer in lesbian eroticism, to coax the lesbian pornographer out of her closet, and to express our sexuality in ways that haven't been shown before. Last year, our winners for Best Photo and Best Series were realistic and explicit portraits of lesbian lovemaking. This year, our awards go to two photographers whose erotic style is neither sexually explicit nor overtly lesbian, yet in whose work we found a lesbian sexual imagination alive and kicking.

Our two first place winners, Cheryl Spears and Tracy Mostovoy, not only come from opposite sides of the country but also have a completely diametric approach to their subject: Cheryl's classic romantic nude versus Tracy's neo-punk surreality. Interviewing each woman, though, proves what both have in common: they are passionate about women's bodies, sexuality, and prescence.

Cheryl Spears is a twenty-four-year-old photojournalism student in Levittown, Pennsylvania. She is a prototype of many lesbian college students today: ambitious and practical about her career, non-chalant about her sexual preference. Cheryl is aso a perfectionist, submitting what must be one of the most beautifully detailed prints we have published. "I shot it with a natural light in the morning, upstairs in my bedroom, with a friend who agreed to model for me. She's sitting on my grandmother's fur coat, who would probably roll over in her grave if she knew what I was using it for. I got the idea to spray her with water in the middle of the shoot, and then when she absent-mindedly stated playing with her belly button, it caught my attention. "Go back and do that again", I asked her, and it turned out to be my favorite shot on the roll. I wasn't thinking about making a lesbian picture when I took it, I was was just seeing what I could do with a female nude. If there was anything unusual to it, it was that I was attracted to that pose of her hands parting her navel."



On the other hand, Tracy Mostovoy's photographs thrive on the unusual. We looked at her photos of wigged and bouffanted models and said, "What kind of lesbians are these?" The pictures are magical.

The story behind Tracy's photographs is a story of a life that hasn't yet been recorded in our official lesbian history. It's the story of a new generation of lesbians who did not come out in either the old gay bar scene, or the women's movement social circles. Instead, they are the product of a sexual revolution that most forcefully hit young women in the 1970's, and which has probably added more lesbians to our population that anything since World War II. If you take one part Malibu Beach, add one heaping dollop of rock and roll and and three quaaludes, and you have a pretty hip idea of what the bisexual fifteen-year-old scene was like circa 1974 in the Los Angeles area. Tracy Mostovoy is a Valley Dyke. She came out in high school, in a middle class suburb in Southern California. When Tracy came up to San Francisco for college, she met Luna, the dark-haired model on the previous page, who became her lover. " We were married for four years, and some of our best times were creating scenes in the dungeon she worked out of." "When we first got together, Luna didn't look like what you see in the picture. I first met her in a lesbian bar, and she was wearing the usual dyke jeans and undershirt. But she was the one who took on feminine drag first, she wasn't afraid of it. The photos of the women in wigs are of my present lover and her friend. The washing machine scene is just camp, but the two portraits of faces and legs are very sexual to me. You just know that woman is a lesbian, lurking between the other's legs like that. I like secretiveness in these pictures. The sexuality is there, you don't have to wear it on your sleeve."

On Our Backs Erotic Photography Awards is also pleased to award the following *Honorable Mentions*, whose outstanding work will be highlighted in future issues: Kerri Parrish, Seattle WA. • Vanessa Kelly, Vancouver, BC. • Myra Fourwinds, Berkeley, CA. • Consuelo Alonzo, Chicago, IL. • Cynthia Cook, Albuquerque, NM. • Terry Herlocker, Albuquerque, NM. • Ultimate Productions, Santa Clara, CA. •

james dean

THE ALMOST-PERFECT LESBIAN HERMAPHRODITE

Sue Golding

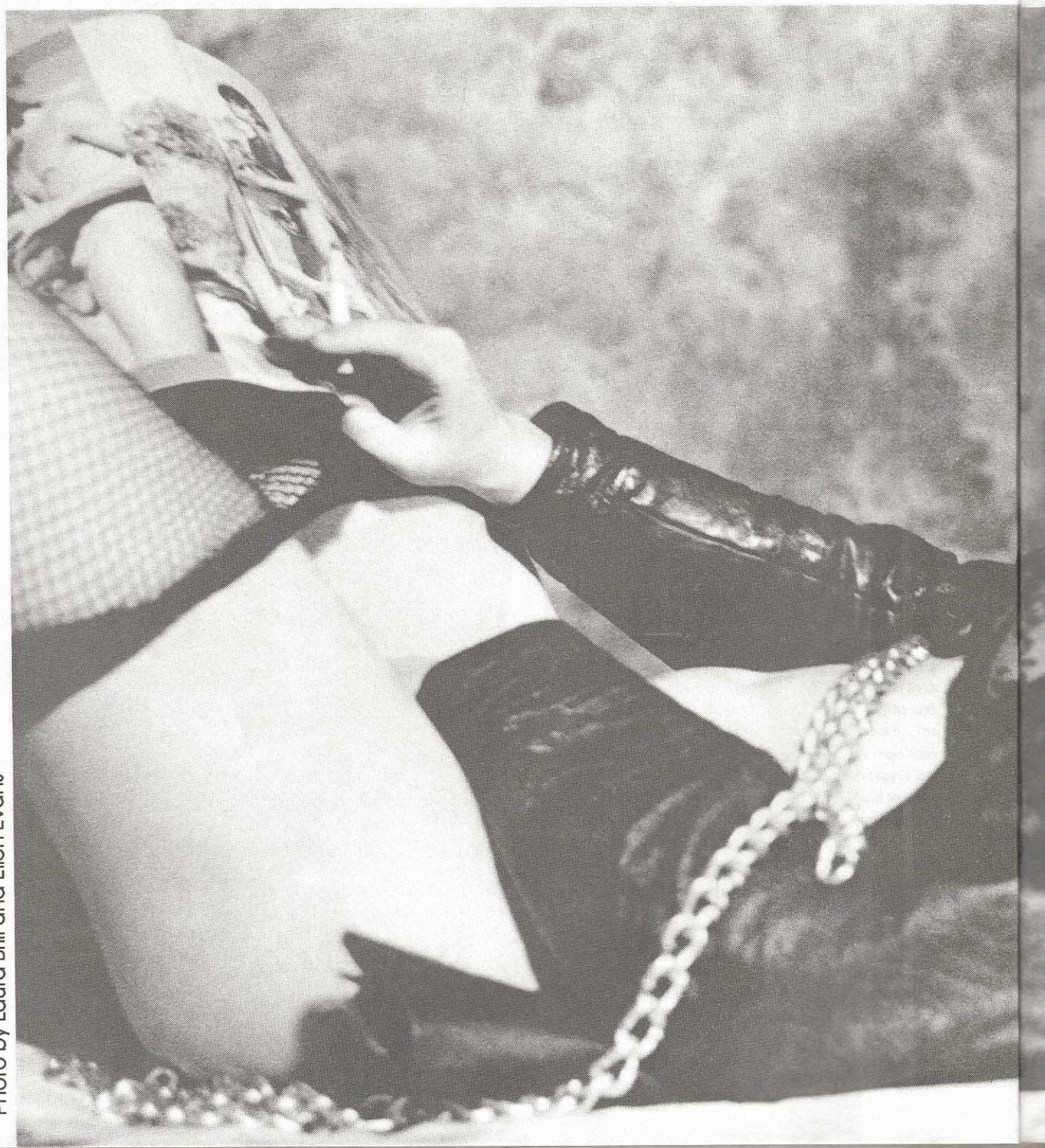
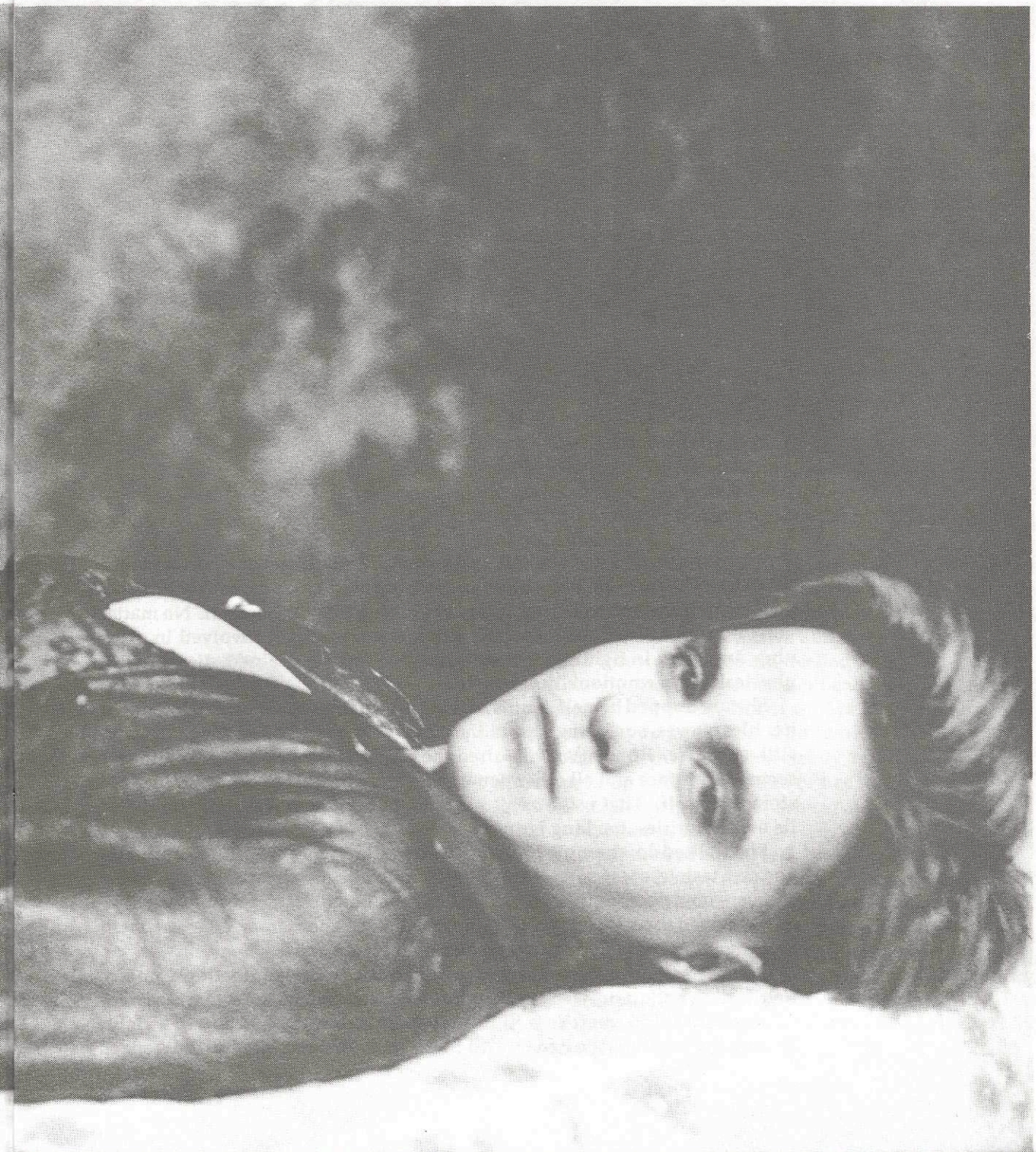
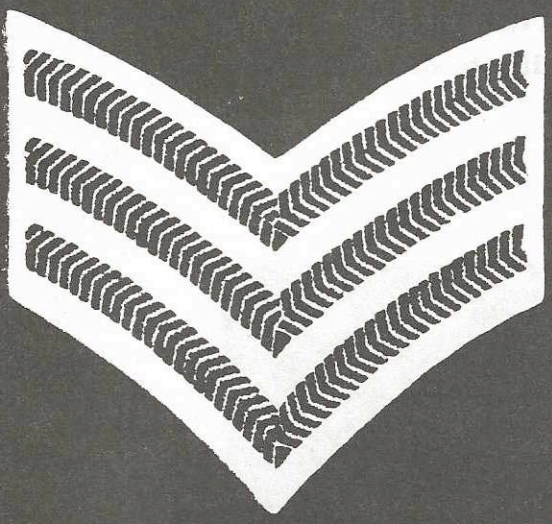


Photo by Laura Brill and Ellen Evans

This is a personal piece. Not so much in sense of being a dramatic confession with its need for absolving some guilty, hidden truth. There is not a shred of truth-as-such in this piece. Nor is there any guilt, although there is a small secret I'd like to share (page 39).

"There's nothing much deader than a dead motion picture actor and yet..."
john dos passos, in Midcentury.





LOVED I NOT HONOR MORE

Rebecca Ripley

Stern woke, stiff and shaken, and swore she would never again captain a spaceship on a military mission. Nothing paid a ship captain better than troop transport work, but it was beginning to wear her soul. No matter how limited her official responsibilities, she always got involved in planning, and often in fighting. This mission had left her drained, discouraged, physically and emotionally exhausted.

She unstrapped herself, hands moving on automatic, and forcibly focused her bleary eyes, squinting first at the clock. The read-outs showed the ship still on course. Regulations required the captain to ensure that the ship was secured for space and all other personnel safely in storage before going into storage herself. That was Stern's next job, but it had to wait. Her body had its own priorities, too long ignored.

She walked down empty hallways to the galley, where she gulped protein-goo on a tasteless wafer, washing it down with heavily sugared coffee. At the shower-room door, a blue "In Use" indicator momentarily surprised her. She had assumed the four survivors of the marine detachment were sacked out in their own quarters. She shrugged and opened the shower door.

Before her, one of the four nozzles hissed out a cloud of floating droplets, half-hiding a short brown muscular body. It was Gonzalez. A temperamental, egotistical kid, merciless in her judgments, but rock-steady in a fight. During the mission, she had treated Stern with decreasingly hostile respect.

Stern nodded, and went about stripping off her filthy uniform. Gonzalez grunted a greeting back, slopping soap on her short black hair.

While they were both towelling off, Gonzalez suddenly turned to Stern. "You did good, for a civilian."

A reprimand rose to Stern's lips but she stopped it. Gonzalez's clear voice held no sarcasm, her wide sculptured lips no sneer. Her deep-set eyes reflected only honest admiration. Or maybe more than admiration.

Stern looked at Gonzalez as if for the first time. Her gaze wandered across the young woman's strong face, her compact body, and back up to her electric brown eyes. Gonzalez, Stern realized with surprise, was a strikingly handsome woman. She hid it with her usual rough manner. Stern couldn't mistake her intention in dropping the mask.

The tension that still gripped Stern lightened up a little. Her job kept her lonely, professionally remote, and her tall frame and severe face made her seem aloof. It was more than a mask. Unlike some captains, she never fraternized with any of the troops her ship carried. Even so, she needed human contact.

"You did well too," she said with a slow smile, "for a bunch of grunts."

Their eyes locked, suddenly alive with a passion more demanding than Stern had ever felt for a stranger. She tricked occasionally, casually. But this wasn't tricking. An irresistable tide flowed through her. It obliterated memories of scorched, cratered battlefields, of lifeless forms left on poisoned worlds. Stern didn't fraternize with the troops. The thought flew away as their lips met.

Desire so strong it felt like need propelled them onto, into, around each other. Crumpled towels and tile made enough of a bed. They pressed only lightly on the hard deck, careless of how they lay on each other. Stern wrapped herself around Gonzalez and came quickly against her leg, shuddering, head thrown back, a fast, needed release. Gonzalez began to stroke her more slowly, but Stern shook her head. "My turn." Need still drove her, a force stronger even than sickness. She dived for Gonzalez's cunt like a desert-parched woman finding a bottomless well.

She licked soft, then hard and steady, teasing, insisting, until Gonzalez's breath caught up with the rhythm of her tongue. She held her there on the edge till Gonzalez gripped Stern's head and pushed it down against herself, coming hard, cursing softly.

While they sprawled entangled , breathing slowly, the door creaked open and a low, slightly hoarse voice, said, "Starting without me?"

Gonzalez laughed and Stern opened her eyes to see Jones, the little marine pilot, still wearing rumpled, sweat-splotched fatigues and the reflective shades she never took off. Jones was the type that turned Stern on, remote and cocky, a challenge. She felt a fleeting, automatic lust for her.

"Just warming her up," Gonzalez said lightly, but with a sensual undertone. She turned on her elbow to look matter-of-factly at Stern. "It's share and share alike in the Corps."

Stern heard the challenge even before she caught the meaning. These two wanted to make it with her. Together. Her first thought was to tell them to stuff it. She picked her own women. She could live with lingering sexual tension. Preserve her professional distance.

Anger must have shown on her face. Gonzalez, still lying easily on the deck, snapped a salute and leered half-jokingly, "At the Captain's pleasure, of course."

What the hell. Stern's distance was already lost, and she didn't need it back yet.

"Right," she said decisively, putting more than a hint of command in her voice. She swept her eyes over Jones, who stood, feet planted apart, looking tough, with a know-it-all smile. "Go wash up and I'll take you under consideration."

When Jones came dripping out of the shower, Stern sized her up, watching her slip into a clean tank-top, covering her firm little breasts with a neat efficient gesture. She was broad-shouldered, short-legged, long-waisted, with an opaque round face and mousy brown hair, as pale and plain as Gonzalez was brown and beautiful. And as distant, even secretive, as Gonzalez was open and vibrant. Reflective, like her shades.

"Over here," Stern ordered, suddenly shy when Jones obeyed, dropping down next to her on the deck. Where did you begin with two women?

Gonzalez leaned over Stern to grab at Jones's shades. Jones swept her hand away, and twisted towards Stern. Stern barely dodged, came back and grabbed Jones' waist, while Gonzalez got her legs. The three of them tussled a few minutes, competing eagerly for the first squeezes. Jones was a biter, leaving Stern starred with fresh bruises. As soon as she got Jones down, Stern gave back as good as she'd gotten.

At last they slowed into a sensual rhythm, with Stern nibbling her way down Jones's shoulder, whispering one hand down her belly. Gonzalez flopped onto one of the benches against the wall, watching.

Stern pushed Jones' tank-top up, and cupped one barely-round breast. Jones made a scarcely audible gasp as Stern rolled the stiff nipple between her fingers. She raked her fingernails down Jones' belly, then stroked back up to uncover the other breast. Jones gasped again, louder, then snapped into action. She pulled Stern close with both strong arms and kissed her dizzyingly, rolling on top, thrusting her furry wet cunt against Stern's thigh, her leg pressing Stern's clit.

The moment of truth. "Not yet," Stern whispered, raking Jones's back. "I have plans for you."

"What plans?" Jones shot back, grinding expertly against her.

Stern steadied her voice. "I'll show you."

Hands against Jones' shoulders, she forced her onto her back, then looked down, savoring the moment. Jones hadn't tried to stop her.

Their legs twined together while Stern pursued her strategy, pushing softly against Jones' cunt, stroking up her body to her face, her hair, her eyes. Stern picked her time, then reached firmly to take off the wrap-around shades. Jones made no move to resist. Stern sent them slowly tumbling through the air to Gonzalez, who casually caught them, grinning.

Jones' shallow, close-set eyes were deep clear green. Alive with lust. Stern urged her legs apart with one hand, still holding her gaze. Jones took four fingers in easily, eagerly, her muscular round legs flung carelessly apart. The smile melted into a moan.

Stern didn't fraternize with the troops. The thought flew away as their lips met.

" If you want more, you have to ask for it."

Jones pulled her cool together. "I can take it, ma'am. I'm a marine."

Stern began to work her thumb in, then stopped and slid it back out when Jones flushed, a red cascade tumbling down her face to her chest. Stern let her hand back in to explore the rings of internal cunt muscle, noting which spots made Jones jerk and shudder. She lazily stroked the pink little clit with her thumb, until Jones's every breath was a moan. Stern pulled her hand slowly out, then pushed back in, aiming her longest finger for the hottest spot, until Jones grabbed her arm with both hands, forcing it in and rising to meet it. Stern's cunt clenched its own demand as she pushed in all the way.

As Jones' belly started to rise and her legs to tremble, Stern pulled out, to a groan of frustration, waited a beat, then eased herself full-length on top of Jones and went back into motion, riding her hard. Jones bucked against Stern, arms and legs clutching, and threw them both onto their sides.

Stern grunted as the corner of a bench struck her shoulder. She sat upright, clutching the bruise.

"You gotta hold *on*, mate," Gonzalez called mockingly from the sideline.

"Y'okay?" Jones asked in a blurry whisper.

"Let me show you just how okay," Stern said, ignoring the fading pain. Jones flashed her old smart-ass smile as she grabbed Stern's legs with her own. Stern clamped Jones' wrists, holding herself up on her elbows, watching desperation and then relief wash all the hotshot pilot look from her face. Jones groaned and Stern stopped it with a hard kiss. She forgot her shoulder. Power radiated from under her ribs and she went over into her own orgasm.

Jones shuddered to a slow stop. Stern stroked her side and got no response. The girl was out, and Stern was barely there. She rolled onto her back to let some of the sweat dry, then lazily reached to pet Jones' damp hair, curling slightly in the steamy air. After a few minutes, Jones, eyes still closed, neatly pulled her damp crumpled tank-top down and sat up on her elbows, blinking.

"Hey Jonesie," Gonzalez called.

Jones reached out her right hand. Gonzalez tossed her the shades. They fell slowly rotating and Jones picked them out of the air and put them back on. Stern smiled to herself and shook her head at the on-again, off-again cool.

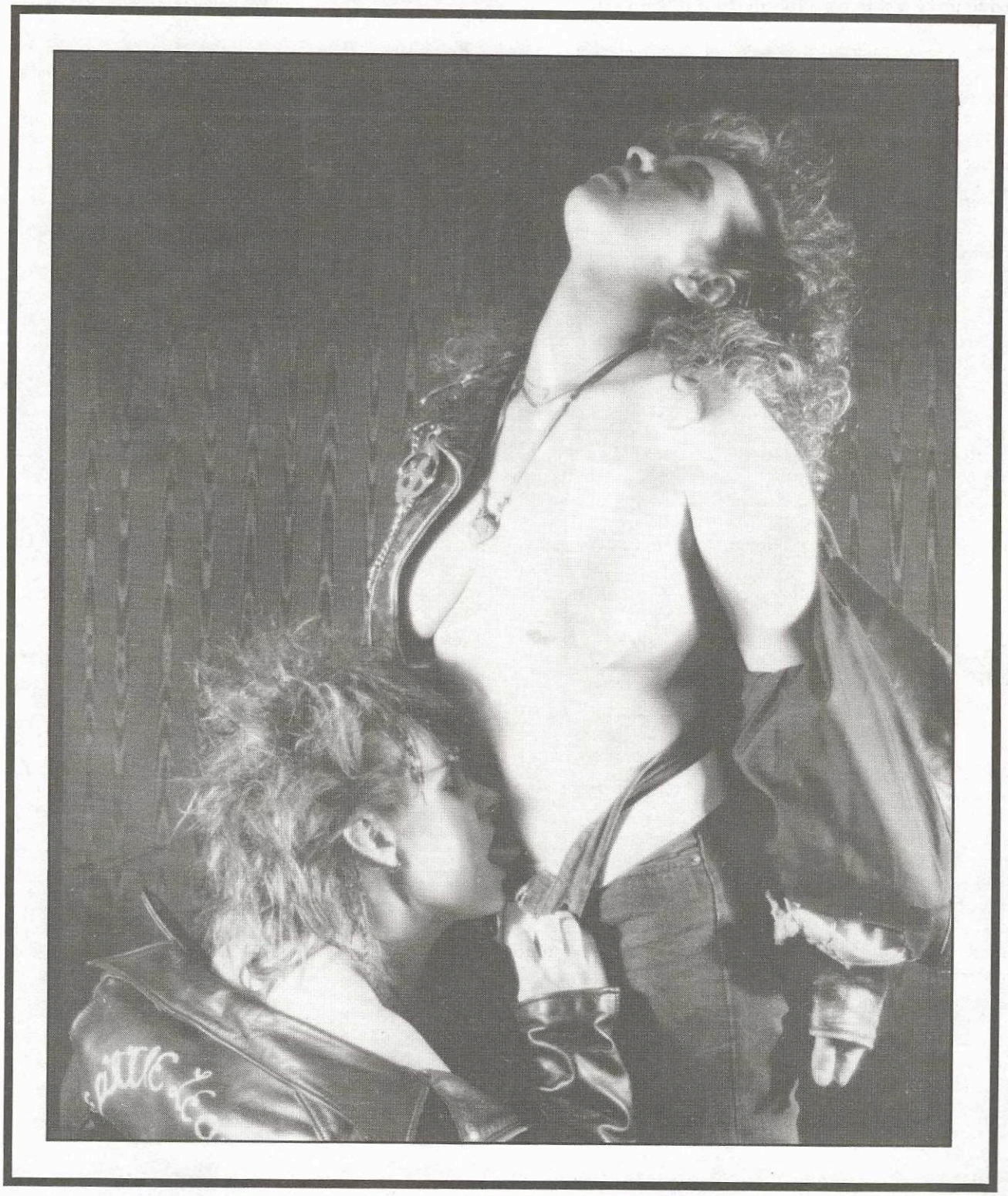
"Alright, you Venusian whores," Jones said, "I'm gonna get some grub."

Half an hour later they were settled in the galley around an instant dinner. At first they shovelled quietly away. Stern hadn't thought she could still care enough to get this hungry, to even taste what she ate. She had been wrong.

After awhile they slowed down, sprawled comfortably on the benches, downing the last scraps, licking fingers. Too full for anything except coffee and talking. Gonzalez and Stern did most of the talking, trading stories of sex they'd had, boastful and animated. Jones didn't talk much except to reinforce Gonzalez's stories of shared adventures. After half an hour, Stern began to feel sleepy. Maybe she'd get some normal sack before cleaning up and stripping down for storage.

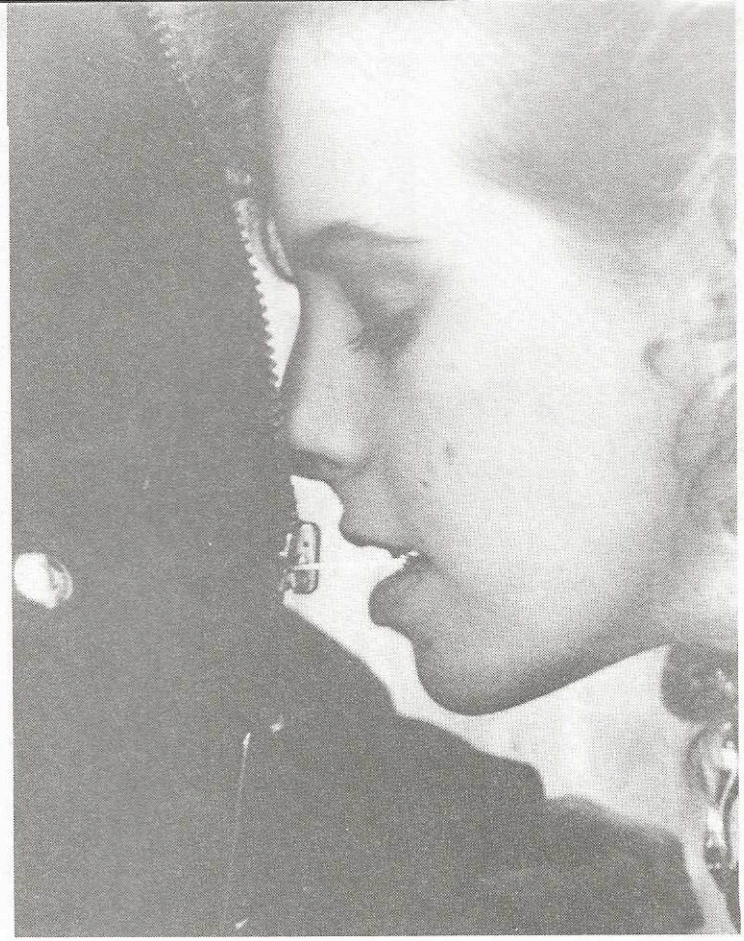
Gonzalez, leaning close to Jones,

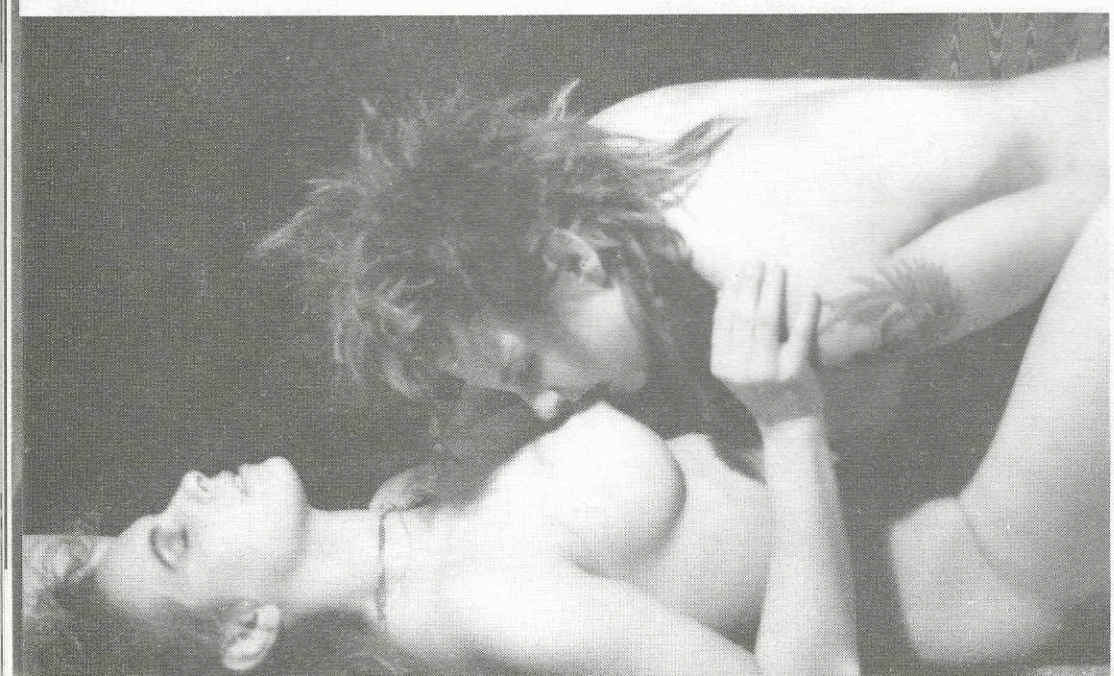
(continued on page 42)

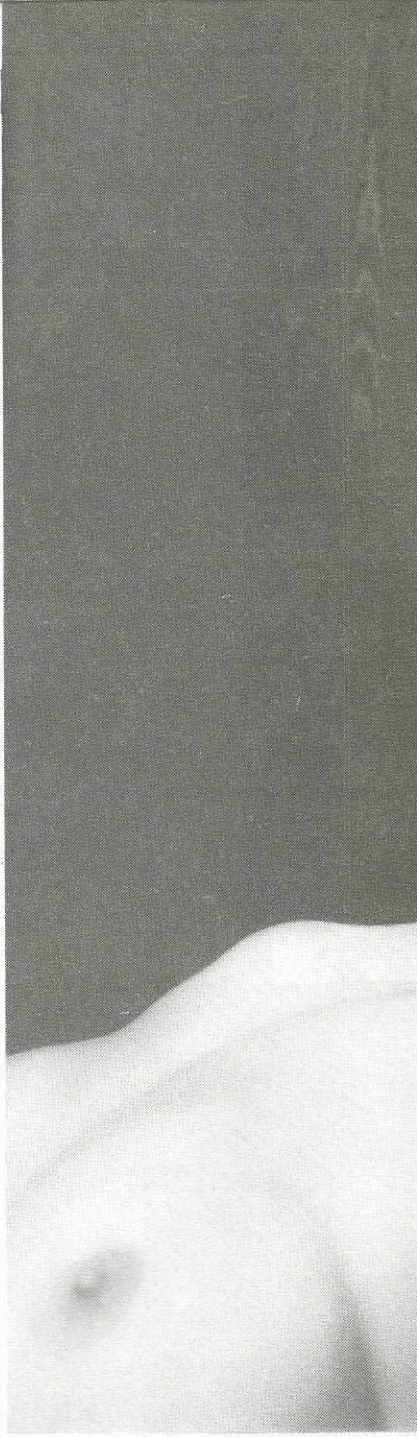


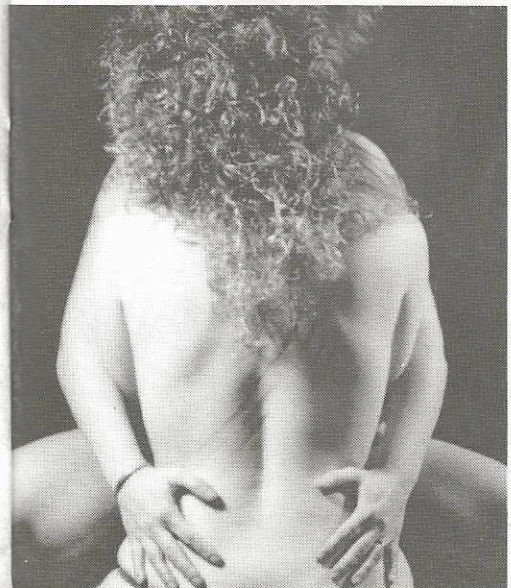
TOUCHANT AND JULIE

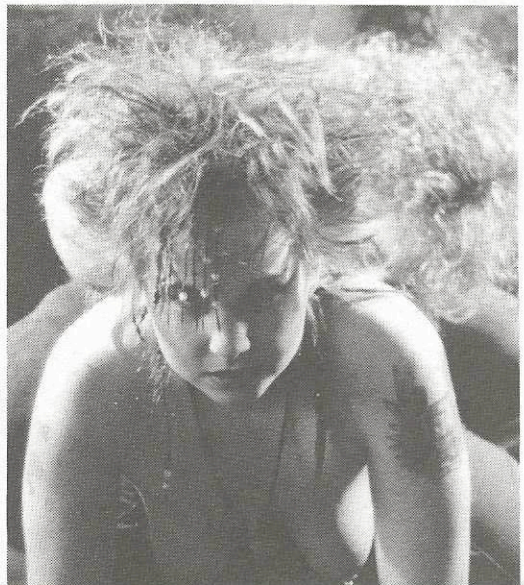
Photographs by Cathy Lee Prochazka

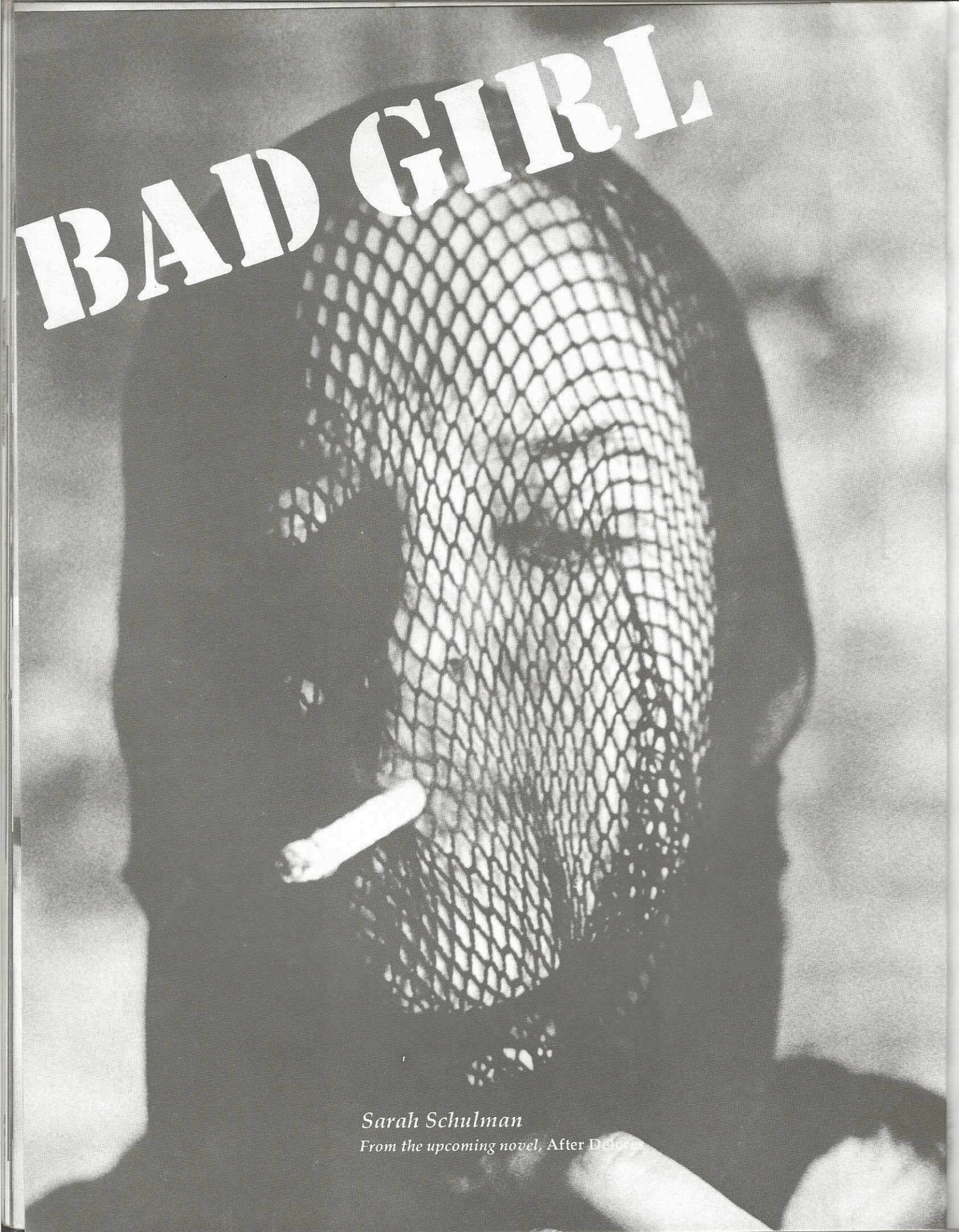












Sarah Schulman

From the upcoming novel, After Dolores

Photographs by Brill/Evans

I was staring at the broken Christmas lights still hanging in the window of The Blue and The Gold when a female voice came to me from under the flashing "Don't Walk" sign.

"Hey," she said, moving closer. "You wanna buy a phone machine for ten dollars?"

We stood around for awhile until the girl asked if I wanted to see the machine. First though, she had to call her friend who was getting an abortion the next day to see if she needed her to go or not. It was the last cold night in March and the wind was blowing dark and ugly. She used the pay phone on the corner as I huddled in the doorway with a cigarette and tried to push away the tiredness.

"You got your period," she shrieked to her friend. "That's great."

The girl was only five or six years younger than me but she was from a whole different generation. She wore those black tights and black felt mini-skirt and oversized shirt that everybody wore. Her hair was cut short on one side and long on the other with blonde added to the tips.

My head was still in the sixties. The only thing that happened in the last two decades that made any sense to me at all was Patti Smith. When Patti Smith came along, even I got hip, but then she went away.

"How did she schedule an abortion without a pregnancy test?" I asked, following her little leather cap and one dangling earring.

"I don't know, but she got her period. Isn't that great?"

She started walking east and then more east, until it was too east. There I go again, I thought, being old fashioned. The idea that Avenue D is off limits was a thing of the past. Now white people can go anywhere.

"Where are we going?"

"Charlotte's place. I have the key."

See, the punkette was involved in a lesbian love triangle with an older actress, Charlotte, who was married to Beatriz, a director.

"I stay there sometimes when they've got gigs out of town. It's funny having Charlotte's key," she said, not noticing the cold men in thin jackets. "It's like an older person."

"How old is she?"

"Thirty-eight. My father's forty. Why do older people always have keys?"

"Because older people have apartments. They're not moving around staying different places, they know where they live."

"Let's get some beer," she said, heading for the yellow light of a bodega presiding over the emptiness of Avenue C. I watched the Spanish men watching her. She was so young. She had no wrinkles on her face and wore a childish blue eyeliner passing for sophistication.

"Let's get a quart bottle of Bud and a small bottle of Guinness and mix it. It's not too bad."

I handed her a dollar fifty over the stacks of stale Puerto Rican sweets and shivered.

Even the apartment was cold.

"We make love here in the afternoons while Beatriz is away. Want to hear a record?"

She was smoking Camels without filters and playing albums by groups I had never heard of.

"Listen to this version of Fever. It's Euro-trash. You know, French New Wave? Instead of the word fever, she says tumor. Tumor all through the night."

We sat and listened. My punkette sprawled out on the floor, me freezing in the only chair.

"That was great," she said, pouring more beer. "Let's hear it again."

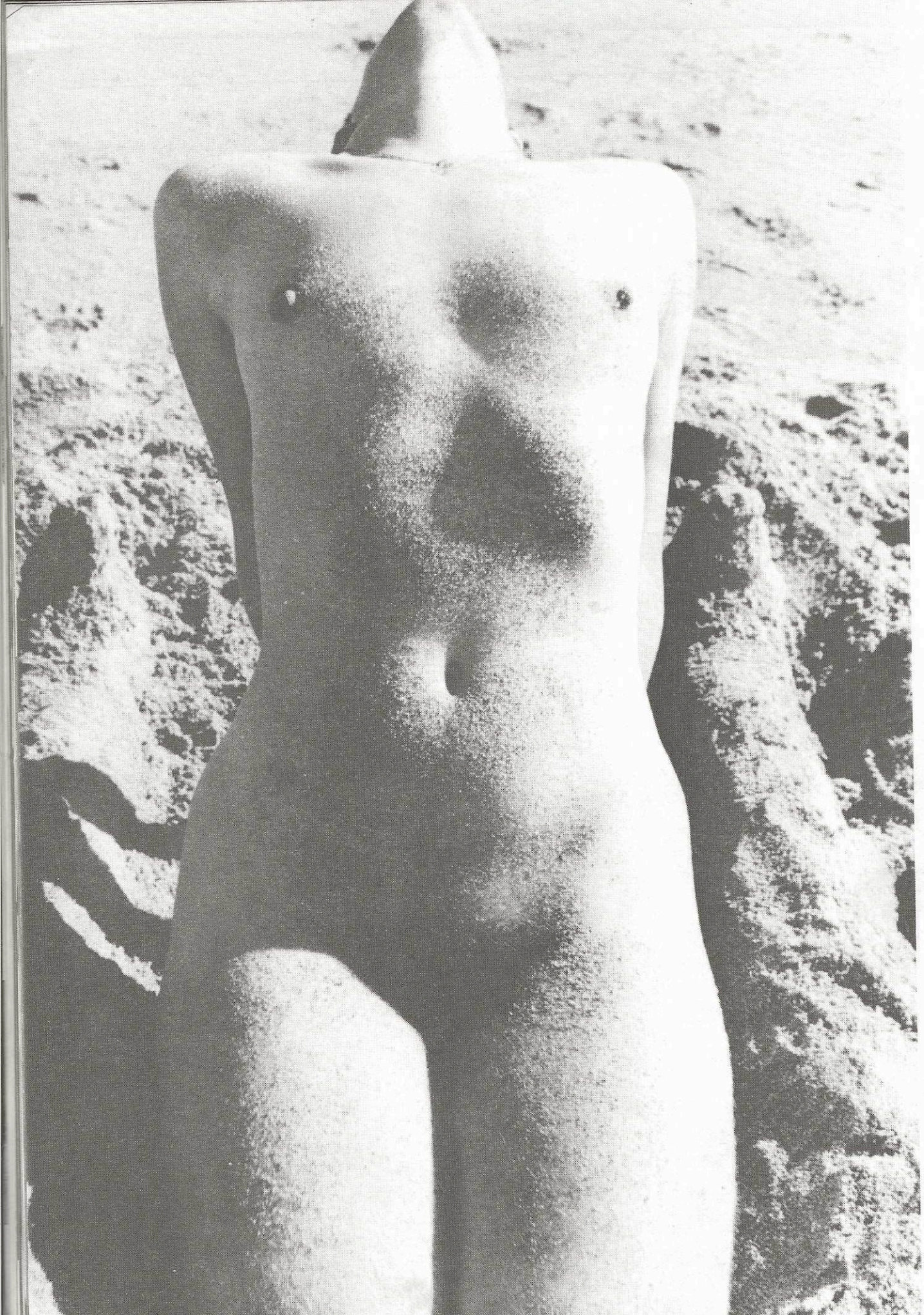
Her hands were short and white with badly painted black nails.

"I'm so in love with Charlotte," she said. "I know that she and Beatriz love each other and I'm trying really hard to understand Beatriz' point of view. I hope that some day we can all be friends. But I also feel that Charlotte should be more honest about our relationship. I mean, I'm not pushing her. I just suggested it. I don't mind seeing her afternoons I guess. I go-go dance in New Jersey. I told you that, right? On New Year's eve I was so coked up after

(continued on page 43)

SAND CASTLES

By Rhea Swart and Shari Cohen



BARBARA HAMMER
EROTICA, VOLUME I:
Dyketactics, Double Strength, and Women I Love.

Available from Barbara Hammer, COM 301, Evergreen State College, Olympia, WA 98505. $49.95, VHS only.

Before there was lesbian-made porn, there was Barbara Hammer. A feminist art filmmaker in the 1970's, Hammer was nude and swinging from the rafters (literally) when everyone else was demonstrating or quivering in the closet.

This year, Barbara has finally transferred some of her short films to video, and her work is now available to those who missed the hip college courses or the local feminist film workshop.

Last fall, New York lesbians and gay men sponsored a experimental gay film festival, and they decided to run a marathon of Barbara Hammer films as a homage to "70's kitsch" as one organizer put it. Are Hammer's movies really that out of date? How do they look compared to the the new lesbian erotica that's coming out today?

Art film or no, Hammer's pieces embrace sexual explicitness. The three shorts featured in this volume show group nudity, breast licking, finger fucking, and frank discussion about the joy of sucking. What ties the sex scenes together though, is a psychological stream of consciousness which erupts in collage, ritual, and surrealistic situations. Some of these fast-moving scenes are extremely sensual, such as the segment in *Women I Love*, where one of the lovers opens the dishwasher to find it strewn with daffodil blossoms. As she moves to other household tasks, the daffodils continue to pop up. Finally, the woman moves into the garden where the daffies are growing wild and glistening with raindrops. She eats one of them out.

Hammer's work is foremost experimental lesbian autobiography, which includes some outrageous sexual moments and touching sensual feeling. In our still-starved era of lesbian imagery, it's exciting, and even historic, to see a movie from 1976 that could not possibly have been made by a straight woman. It is nostalgic of a pre-yuppie period of lesbian consciousness, and it reminds us of a time when sexuality was not the polarized subject of political debates.

— Barbra La Rue

Barbara Hammer's "Double Strength"

DREAMS OF THE WOMAN WHO LOVED SEX

Tee Corinne
Banned Books,
Austin, Texas, 1987, $7.95.

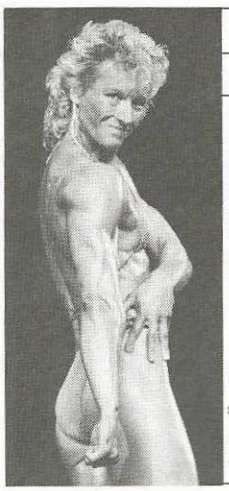
Images from Tee Corinne's past: delicate line drawings of women's labia, so many different shapes of flowers! Photographs of women transformed into deep internal statements, some of which I have never recovered from... What happens when this woman is driven to put words on paper, to write stories of the images and fantasies which have lived with her? The answer is, of course, Tee Corinne's latest gift to the lesbian community, her book *Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex.*

A feast of sensual delights, her language often moves us right up and out of language into a textured reality where women's bodies, places on the earth, sexual desires, heat, cold, the fragrances of flowers, the intense sex in relationship, finally merge into a celebration of a life sensually lived.

"The world seems lovely, rich and generous. I am so happy," she tells us. And whether we come with her kicking and screaming, fighting her soft labia images, or if we plead for respite from the erotic which dominates every page, we *do* come with her. One of Tee's gifts is to open us to the sensualist who lives inside; she gives a name, a word, a phrase, to lesbian feelings which have previously been invisible.

This book is actually three in one. Each piece has its own flavor, its own taste, and its own sexual grounding. Readers may prefer one to the others because of their own idiosyncratic taste, but everyone will find abundant pleasure in all three. A special treat is Tee's introduction, in which she gives a brief history of her own literary/sexual influences. Anyone who loves to snoop in other women's bookshelves will especially enjoy this section.

The longest piece in the book, "Passion is a Forest Fire Between Us" is a fascinating account of the sexual vitality in one relationship. A sharp departure from the usual portrayal of a lesbian relationship, in which the sensuality is often only incidental, "Passion" almost ignores the outer significances to give us a broad and intense experience of the powerful sexuality between two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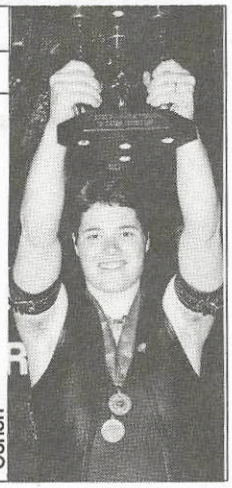
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women. The story moves through the exquisite imagery of the seasons and the lovers intertwining. We follow the narrator's struggle to maintain her relationship and her health while her own hysterectomy becomes imminent. The life threatening disease she struggles with only clarifies the vitality of the life-affirming sensuality. It is a moving experience to follow this relationship as it ripens, and she ends the story, wisely, just before the fruit is ready to fall.

"Cream," the section of 31 short poems extolling the virtues of lust and language, treats us to some delectable sweets. They seem almost fragments, like Sappho's fragments, hinting at so much more than they tell:

> *Come, let us love fiercely now*
> *together again, however briefly.*
> *Let me bury my face*
> *in your sweet golden nest.*

In the third section, "Dreams of a Woman In Love," ocean, flowers, the mountains, the sea, glittering capital cities and country homes, press themselves up against our hard substantial consciousness, wanting us to let them in. Tee brings two women together. Are they real women, are they allegorical women, are they two parts of the same woman? She brings them together and then pulls them apart, like a teasing lover, refusing orgasm for so long, the tension hurts almost too much, and just when you want to scream "stop, please, now, make me come," she does. In "Dreams," Tee's language deepens into itself, exposes her and the reader, drenches us with sweat, desire for Desire. The image that comes to me is of a languid beast, like a lion, southern and slow moving, walking through a world which has been made for her hunger. This hunger and this delight are contagious.

Tee Corinne's contributions to lesbian culture and our knowledge about our history and our sexuality are enormous and worthy of a much longer essay. For today, I will leave it at this: any woman who wants to feel herself, really feel the sexual part of her begin to move through the world as if it were made for her, should read this book. As Tee elaborates, "Loving," she said, "always comes as a surprise, like the sunrise, even though I know it's going to happen over and over again: it always takes my breath away, opens up my memories of what is holy."

–Martha Courtot

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 10)*

We try to be like everyone else, to assimilate. But we can't assimilate. Some of us can pass, but we can't become just like straight people. The Supreme Court still says that our lovemaking is illegal. But I believe our desire for assimilation is really just an expression of our sorrow and despair that we don't have any rights.

Q: **How do you treat couples with L.B.D. Syndrome: Lesbian Bed Death in long term relationships?**

A: Couples therapy is actually very simple. You start with education, then the permission to try something new, then ideas on what you CAN do, and setting up a structure so that you actually DO it.

We do need friction to juice us up. When you think of the sickest, craziest relationship you ever had, it's commmonly the best *sex* you ever had. You know the type—one day they're moving out, wrecking cars, calling each other's employers, and the next day they're fucking their brains out.

Q: **But how do you apply that tension and excitement to a compatible relationship?**

A: If quality sex is on a scale from 1-50, you don't have to be jumping the needle to 150, but you can try to keep it hovering in the 25-40 area. You have to think what you can do to maintain a certain separateness; enhance your differences, so when you come home from work you want to have sex, not watch T.V.

It all starts out with, are you willing to be sexual? Are you willing to discuss with your partner the sort of "rules" which have become part of your sexual pattern, and then break some of those rules. In *Lesbian Passion*, I said that "it's scary to surrender our positions, whatever they are. The duality between two women isn't always about frequency; it can be dildo/no dildo, vibrator/no vibrator, oral sex/no oral sex, things in vaginas/nothing in vaginas. It doesn't matter how you set up the polarization. What matters is how you work with it."

Q: Have you met couples who have been together for years and still have a thriving, frequent sex life?

A: Oh yes. Just recently, I met a couple who've been together 16 years, and they have sex at least three times a week. Their sex is varied. They go to motels, they use toys, they dress up, they bring in different fantasies all the time. Variety is the key, because after all, there's only so many times you can see "Sound of Music".

Q: **Do you really believe that lesbian couples have less sex than other couples?**

A: Well, that's what they say in the book *American Couples*, and no one has done any further comparative research to prove otherwise. I don't know. In a "traditional" heterosexual relationship, the man is suppose to initiate all the sex stuff, and anything the women does is considered "extra". Even if they have sex more frequently, is it satisfying? I don't think just "pokin' her in the hay" sounds like much fun. Are they calling that sex? Then you have to ask, what is SEX anyway?

Q: **Leaving couples aside, what are the common pitfalls for single lesbians looking for lovers?**

A: The majority of lesbians are not accustomed to asking each other out, and that's why they get married on the first date. People who shouldn't have been together intellectually for five minutes end up moving in together because of one sexual experience. We stay with that person for awhile, get attracted to someone else, say we're in love, dump the first one, marry the second one, then we meet someone else and the whole cycle repeats. It's serial monogamy: the long-playing version of casual sex. We never should have gotten married to our first date. We should have had great sex and moved on.

Q: One third of the respondents in your lesbian sex questionnaire report having oral sex. That means two thirds don't have oral sex, which seems to upset the stereotype of lesbianism being equalled with cunnilingus, doesn't it?

A: I was surprised too! The most common partner activities listed were touching and kissing breasts, and then "putting fingers in the vagina" was just above the oral sex category. The only thing it shows is that we don't tell each other what we're doing, because we're so afraid of being judged as either too

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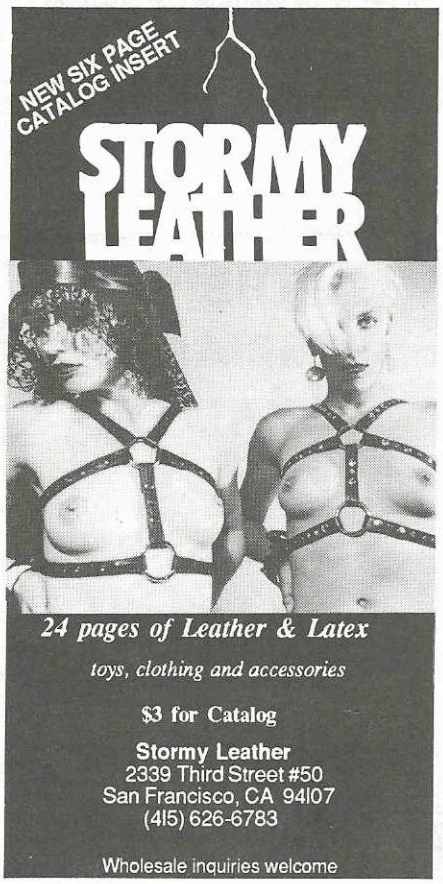

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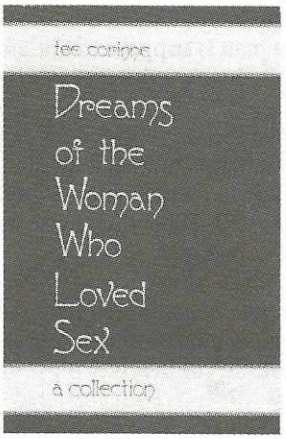
Tee Corinne's explicit collection of short stories and poetry is written especially for the lesbian reader who's been searching for erotica with some romance. The book also includes an extensive bibliography of other erotic writing.

Carol Seajay, *Feminist Bookstore News*, said of the book: "Once our community gets over the shock of actually having very, very explicit lesbian sexuality portrayed at length, this will be an exceedingly popular book. I trust this is the beginning of a new wave breaking." Ann Bannon, author of the *Beebo Brinker* series, said: "will surely become a classic of erotic literature, and which deserves to be." JoAnn Loulan, author of *Lesbian Passion*, said: "[the book] is an exciting contribution to lesbian erotica."



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"out there" or too boring.

Q: What was the difference between what women reported that they do sexually to their parters vs. what their partners do to them?

A: The majority of the respondents said that they did more to their partner sexually than what their partner did back to them. For example, 92% of them said that they kiss breasts, but only 86% said that their breasts get kissed.

The same perception happened with the question on monogamy. 88% say they are monogamous to their partners, but only 83% say that their partners are monogamous to them.

Q: Why is it that in both of your books, where you cover so many sexual topics, you never mention the word "bisexual?" Do bisexuals bug you?

A: Yes, they bug me. But that isn't the point. If you want to read about how women relate to men, bisexually or heterosexually, there's plenty of books on the subject. I wanted to write about women having sex with women, a book about lesbians... *that* is what we don't have enough of.

Q: Weren't you bisexual once upon a time?

A: Yes, I was... in fact, the event that changed my mind was going to The San Francisco Sex Information Training Workshop, and hearing Tee Corinne speak about lesbians. I'd never heard anything like it before. I said, "You mean there's actually women like this? I want to be one of them!"

LESBIAN PASSION, by JoAnn Loulan, Spinsters/Aunt Lute Press, San Francisco, Ca. 1987.

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JAMES DEAN *(continued from page 19)*

It's about a particular kind of erotic sensibility that those of us who wear it and feel it and know it, will now, finally, have a chance to name. This is a piece about the kind of sexual imaginary specific to the 80's—a sexuality that emerges from a peculiar mixture of prepubescent tom-boyism, the celebration of the female genitalia, lost innocence, perversity, and dirt. That is, it's a piece about lesbian hermaphrodites and the playful existence of our fictionalized sexuality. I know you've seen the type: no tits, no cock, oozing with a kind of vulnerable "masculinity," and sheathed in a 50's style black leather motorcycle jacket. Or to put it slightly differently, it's James Dean, with a clit.

But before we expose any more of this hermaphroditic body (and the kind of lesbianism to which she may subscribe), there are three possible points of confusion which must be cleared away. First, we are not speaking here of "androgyny." That is, we are not speaking of that kind of being who can blend and balance so completely the male/female antagonism that she creates a pleasure aesthetic out of the erotic mutiny of her genitals. We are not speaking, in other words, of a kind of erotic sensibility very much a product of the 60's, that for a variety of reasons (all, I'm sure, quite interesting but beyond the scope of this essay) heralded in an entire sexual aesthetic around an "absence" or "lack" or—at best—blurred "sameness," even "perfect [w]holeness," of the sexual organs themselves.

Neither are we speaking about, in the second place, a kind of eroticism that took on the name, more generally in the 70's, of "gender-fuck" fashions. That is, we are not speaking of the kind of sexual aesthetic borne out of an acknowledged irony of the ways in which society enforces gender-specific clothing depending on the kind of sexual organ sitting between one's legs. We are not trying to describe, however interesting that aesthetic might be, the kind of woman who inverts and doubles her body image by donning, let's say, a suit and tie, a pert little dildo and neatly placed moustache, all in the name of maintaining an erotic irony of the female genitalia, in drag. In speaking of hermaphrodism, we are not, in other words, attempting to describe that kind of pleasure aesthetic derived through an eroticization of a double imagery sarcastically counterposed in one body.

Finally, in what could be taken as an odd sort of disclaimer, it must be emphasized, third and last, that the kind of hermaphrodism spoken about here (and one might want to go further and say all kinds of hermaphrodism, but that again, is another essay) is not meant to be taken in the specifically "biological" sense. We do not for a minute want to suggest that the 60's and 70's somehow ushered in an amazing phenomenon in delivery rooms everywhere of little girl-infants with internal "male" organs (or vice-versa), who suddenly upon reaching puberty, seemed to descend onto the rest of the population with the kind fatal foreboding of a Future Shock. There is no sense of "discovery" being suggested here, no revelation being uncovered about some excessive amount of mutated sexual organs leaping into the erotic focus of the 80's.

We are not speaking, in other words, of a kind of "true" hermaphrodism, medically verifiable using the latest in genetic engineering. Our concerns are not in the slightest way connected to some formulaic equation of the x and y chromosome scientifically tested in relation to the size and shape of the breast and clitoris (the usual body parts under scrutiny by the medical experts) in order to deduce—or so they claim—how much and to what extent the human being involved can be given the status of "male" or "female", and hence be expected to reflect a variety of aesthetically evocative roles and behaviors specific to that "sex". This may be very interesting for those truth seekers of human anatomy, but it has nothing to do with understanding the erotic reality of a female hermaphrodite, lesbian or otherwise. And it has even less to do with our clitorised James Dean.

Luckily for us, we have at least 188 years of recorded insights, important gains in feminism, a few good films, novels, paintings and sex toys (vidoes included) which have often broken that biology = destiny "truth". But we have something else too, not available until recently, that by way of a small detour, I'll try to explain in some detail.

Let's begin by considering a bright piece of medical wisdom drawn from the subdued lips of Dr. Moreton Stillè, MD, and his lawyer friend, Francis Wharton. In their 1855 *Treatise* on, among other things, female hermaphrodites, they take as a given the usual claim that what it means to be "woman," "feminine" and "normal" can be summed up and equated to each other and—more to the point—can find their anatomical expression in the female body itself. A real woman, a feminine woman, one who is "normal," is one who manages to have a high voice, a heterosexual and submissive orientation (at the time considered both interchangeable and a directly physical attribute) and, needless to say, large breasts. Most importantly, however, it was imperative to have a small (shall we say "petite") clitoris. The size of the el-

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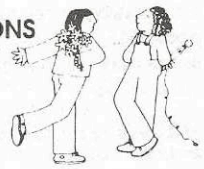

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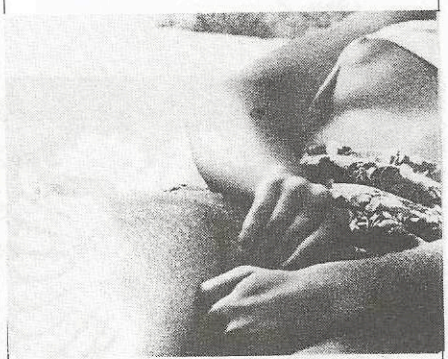

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bow, knee and navel, on the other hand, were singularly unimportant for the assignment of a sex. If by chance or by design you happened to exhibit any other opposing combination of attributes described above, then depending on the degree to which your body parts differed, you would be in essence a hermaphrodite, pure and simple. So smug were they in their scientific reasoning (and why not? It was the common sense aesthetic of the period), that they routinely would sort out the "problem" of hermaphroditism by spewing forth a logic based on definition:

> Section 409 (2.) *"Female hermaphrodites:* 'By far the greater number of these,' they observe, 'owe doubts concerning their sex to an unusual size of their clitoris. Commonly associated with this circumstance are an unfeminine appearance, more or less a beard, a rough and masculine voice and manner...(etc.). [For] the usual size of the clitoris in the adult female is about half an inch in length, but Remer mentions having seen a clitoris an inch long in a girl of seven years of age and Home mentions one two inches long and thick as a thumb...'"

Woe be it to any woman so possessed of these fine attributes. For unlike the god, Hermaphrodite, who was revered *because of* these mutations, seen in the flesh and blood, she could only draw a malignant repulsion to her entire being, itself eroticized only at the level of mythology. And if unwilling to "give up" her genitalia, if unwilling to stop being "sexual" in the midst of these variegated organs and attributes, this creature of the 1850's would immediately be seen as a sexual subversive. And indeed, she was a subversive, given the norms of society, outside of which she unglamorously fell.

So clearly was she considered to be a transgressor in the worst sense (i.e., the sexual, dirty sense) that it very quickly became self-evident to the good doctor and his lawyer friend that the reverse must indeed be true as well: that female sexual subversives must be, ipso facto, hermaphrodites. For what else could account for that kind of "abnormal" sexual activity except to say that it was borne from a raging conflict of the two physical and opposing essences awkwardly (and irrepressively) functioning in one body. What could possibly account for that kind of aggressiveness

except to say that somewhere lurking in the body of that rebel was the presence—in whole or in part—of a man.

They found proof of their theory in the following case study, meticulously undertaken and summarized by a certain Robert Merry, surgeon (1840) and included in their section on "Female Hermaphrodites":

> "A woman twenty five years of age, on account of her notorious commerce with both sexes, was placed under strict police supervision. Resorting to masturbation, her health became so much impaired that she died in the course of 16 months. The external genitals were found to have their natural conformation, with the exception of the clitoris, which was three and a half inches long and three inches in circumference, and imperforate, except at the base. The uterus and one ovary were rudimentary, and the general conformation of the breasts was masculine, although, owing to the occurrence of a trifling periodical discharge, she was considered to be a woman. It was proved that this person had been guilty of the most astonishing and unnatural excesses with young people of both sexes."

Feared, trapped, swept from public view and spliced open under the private auspices of those experts on truth, our female hermaphrodite of yesteryear dies an empty, pathetic little death. Ignobly, her body is killed off by the brutal ignorance of a society which works hard to display—while she feverishly reaches out to maintain her manhood—in all its sordid and mutated glory. Remarkably enough, she does not die in vain.

Through the twists and belly-aches of a century moving out of an industrial milieu and into the fractured glitz of a technological age, emerges her modern counterpart, but with a bit of a difference. What emerges is the "virile girl," the butch baby, full of attitude but not of scorn, lots of street smarts and a bit of muscle. This new hermaphrodite embodies forever the image of the destructive adolescent dramatically and in one being, teeming with a creative, raw energy, and beckoning with the possibility of a new era. She's the Peter Pan who reaches puberty and survives—her boyhood and her cunt intact, and ready. Most of all, she's public.

But she's public in quite a different sense than meaning simply "out of the closet." For she is the orphan of a people's imaginary, a peculiar offspring of the avant-garde art world, the butch 50's "diesel dyke," and that kind of feminism which knew above all that sexual difference was ever only a *political*, not biological category. She is public in the most profound sense of the term: a composite of a mass invention, a replica of our own societal icons, which are themselves never anything other than a public fiction. She is the James Dean over and over again: James Dean with his arrogant hair, James Dean with his tight black denims, James Dean with the "bitter brat look," James Dean with the morbid leather boots, James Dean against the whole boring suburban middle class. James Dean, deader than a door nail wedged into anti-hero.

Ironically this infinite copying makes the lesbian herrmaphrodite an original invention of the 80's. And she becomes the quintessential embodiement of an erotic impossibility; a fiction as "real" as the specific body parts of her hermaphroditic predecessor. Only this time, her truth, the clues to her sexual transgression will never be found in the physical attributes of her body per se, but only in their "look." Only in the defiant style of the erotic masculine shot through with the voluptuousness of the female sexual organs. For she is the split woman, the 80's hermaphrodite, the site specific reflection of the virile promise in all its sexual perversity and imagination.

But more than that, she's the celebration of the female genitalia. Respectfully, knowingly, she's the proud owner of a vaginal hole and carbide clit, refusing once and for all to see her genitals as a "bleeding wound" of castrated cock. She's the sexual love of being woman. And as such, this hermaphrodite becomes a signature for lesbianism itself.

Not surprisingly, that makes her, at one and the same time, a slightly more dangerous creature. Indeed, it makes her repulsive. The emphasis on sexualness and the perverse iconography it produces makes her of necessity a defiler of the prudish world, be that world filled with lesbians or straights. In the eyes of the prudish world, the female hermaphrodite can only be the pornographic filth in the age of AIDS, the frankenstein without a cause.

And because she is this erotic mutant, because she is this transgressor who excessively, self-consciously, refuses to give up sex, she comes closest to

(continued on page 44)

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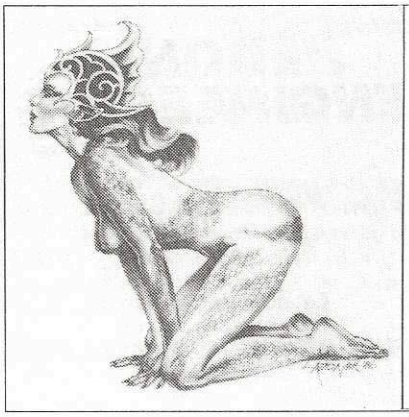

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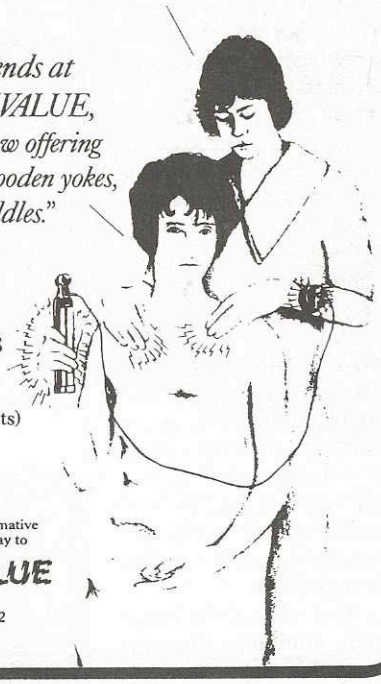

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...LOVED I *(continued from page 22)*

punched her arm. "You know who the best sex ever was with?"

"Naw, who?"

"With you, asshole!" Gonzalez sang, reaching for Jones in a mock attack. Stern felt a moment of stinging hurt feelings, then shrugged it off. It made sense. If they fucked together a lot they knew how to make each other feel good. Hearing it might have bothered Stern half an hour before, but her natural reserve had returned with physical satisfaction.

Jones met Gonzalez's attack, laughing, They wrestled like young dogs, rough and fast, hitting the deck harmlessly. Like kids, they were completely absorbed. Suddenly they were fucking, humping each other's thighs, kissing. It wasn't the hard way Stern had kissed Jones nor the driven way she had kissed Gonzalez, but something softer than she expected from either of them. Gonzalez's square hand rested on Jones' butt, her lips pressed to her neck. Jones' tight little smile dissolved, then reformed, serene and ecstatic, while Gonzalez watched with a look of pride and tenderness that made Stern feel wintry inside. How long since anyone had looked at her that way? Or since she had looked that way at anyone?

"Goddam, you're good Jonesie," Gonzalez said softly, thrusting her cunt against Jones' leg. Jones clasped her, pressing with her knee, taking her home. The curve of her shoulder bent over Gonzalez showed everything her face tried to hide. Those two were in love.

Either of them could die on any mission, incinerated or shredded right next to the other. Could they afford to know they loved each other? Could they let themselves in for that much pain? No, Stern decided, they were soldiers. Sex was so routine, so communal to them, it must be a kind of camouflage. No fuck could mean much. They could allow themselves pleasure, but not softening, nothing that might attach them to life. And she had been getting like them.

Jones' knees went lax and she slid to the deck. Gonzalez rested for a breath, then gathered her up and stroked her awake. They lay satisfied in each other's arms. A hell of a place for young love to take root, Stern thought in disgust. A hell of a way to live.

"Come on," she said, more roughly than she'd meant. "We'd better get ready for storage."

Gonzalez raised her head abruptly from Jones' shoulder, with a puzzled, even wounded look, so suddenly vulnerable it surprised Stern. Jones turned toward Stern open-mouthed. For half a second they hesitated, then snapped to the discipline of their encapsulated world and scrambled obediently to their feet.

Stern felt ashamed. It showed how the job had gotten to her. But the job was no excuse. There was no excuse for carelessness with power.

The marines were used to jumping when ordered. They were used to taking what they could get, when they could get it, in the chinks between their duty hours. They couldn't afford to know they were in love because all they ever had was the moment. And Stern had taken one moment away from them, snapping her rank like a whip. She hadn't even given them enough credit to expect them to care.

Whether they cared didn't matter. What mattered was Stern's self-respect. Petty selfishness didn't become her dignity as a ship's officer or as a human being.

She made herself smile, waving her hand down, a gesture to wipe away the order. "Forget it, there's still time. Carry on."

Gonzalez broke into a grin. One good-looking woman, Stern thought again.

"Sure will, Captain, " Jones said, circling Gonzalez's waist with her arm. Stern looked at them, hiding a rush of longing. She had entered military life nearly as young as they did, but now she was a civilian contractor, not a soldier. She could quit any time. They couldn't until their enlistments were up. They didn't want to, but that didn't change the fact they couldn't.

"You in with us?" Gonzalez asked expectantly.

"No, thanks," Stern started to yawn. "I'm wiped out. Gonna get some sack. Be ready for storage—" She glanced at the time. "—at 1400 hours."

Ten hours' freedom. Her gift to their unacknowledged love. On impulse she added, "This is my last troop-hauling trip. I'll be switching to shorter runs. Be home a lot. Look me up if you get the chance."

"Thanks, Captain," Gonzalez said quietly. Jones echoed her with a happy "Yeah". Stern felt satisfied. She had shared what she could with them. She gave them a dismissing nod and turned towards the door and her future.

BAD GIRL *(continued from page 31)*

work and I wanted to spend the night with her so badly that I wandered into The Cubbyhole at four thirty in the morning and they still made me pay."

She had drunk all the beer by that time and smoked all her cigarettes. I gave her some of mine.

"Thanks. There was this yuppie girl there talking to me and I was so desperate I would have gone home with her, but she didn't ask. Charlotte encouraged me to take that job, dancing. It's not too bad. Want to see my costume?"

She went into the next room to change and I started smoking. It was so cold. I had on a sweater and two blankets and was still chattering.

"Okay," she shouted from behind the door. "Now, sing some tacky disco song."

"Bad girl," I sang. *"Talking 'bout a bad, bad girl."*

Then she came go-going in, in her little red, sparkle g-string and black high heels. Her breasts were so small that she could have been a little girl showing off her first bikini. She bit her lip, trying to look sexy, but she just looked young. I seguee'd into the next song.

"Ring my bell, bell, bell, ring my bell, my bell, ding-a-ling-a-ling."

"Sometimes they hold up twenties," she said, still dancing. "But when I boogie over to take them, they give me singles instead. 'Sorry Honey'."

Then I saw her eyes. They were smart. They were too smart for me. She saw me staring at her eyes and looked scared all of a sudden, like she was caught reaching into her daddy's wallet.

"I've never done that for someone I respected before."

Those breasts, I thought. How could anyone make love to those breasts? There's nothing there. Nothing at all.

"Do you think Charlotte will leave her? What do you think?"

"You'll probably get what you want," I said. "But you have to be patient."

And I saw myself as an old professor, not in a Lower Eastside fire trap, but, before a blazing hearth in a wood-lined brownstone. Here I was with my colleague's hysterical mistake, trying to explain why you have to cheat on your wife and why you have to go back to her. And suddenly, I wanted her so badly. I wanted to throw off the blankets and be vulnerable again, to roll on the rug with a little punkette in a red g-string. And I wanted to show her a really good time.

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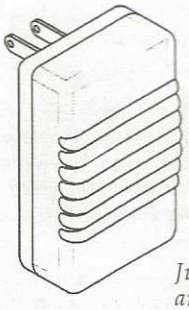

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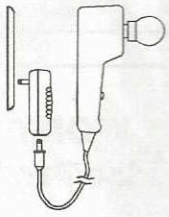

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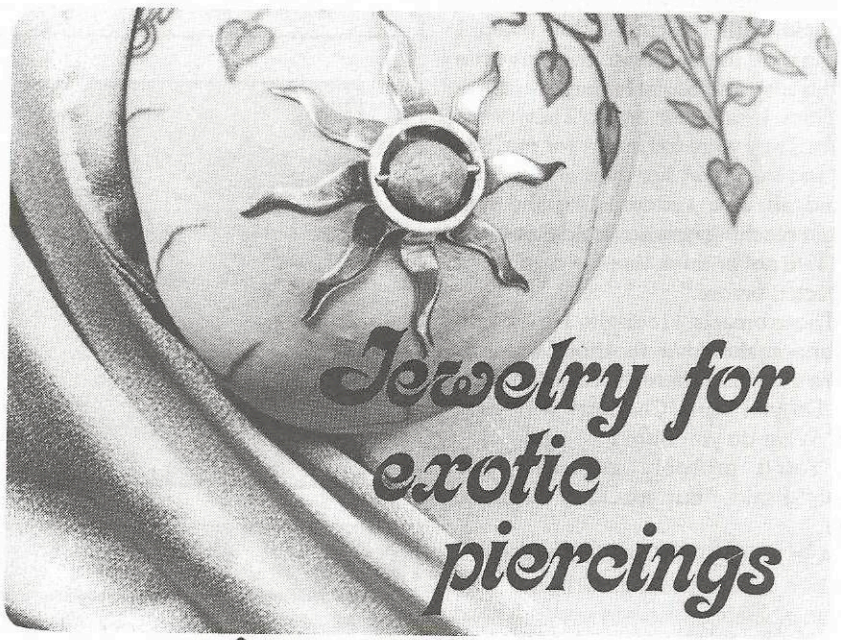

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James Dean *(continued from page 41)*

the nether world to which her predecessor had been subjected: the world of ignorance and hate, the world of "scientific" observation, the world of isolation and extinction all in the name of Truth.

One would like to think, despite the odds, that the female hermaphrodite of the present might somehow survive this kind of warfare. And indeed, there is the minute chance that she might. Unlike her ancestor, the reasons which bring this hermaphrodite close to the putrid edge may be precisely the same ones that, in the end, give her the advantage. Because she is the composite series of infinite erotic fiction, a fractured playfulness of social icons copied over and again. And there, she'll find her strength in numbers.

RIDE *(continued from page 13)*

"I don't want to scratch your nose," I said.

She slowed the car and moved toward the shoulder.

I laughed nervously. "Sam you couldn't put me out there if you wanted to. I've got twenty pounds on you, and I work out. Your little wimp muscles wouldn't stand a chance."

"You know I can always make you do what I want you to. So why fight? Yeah, you got the weight on me, but I've got the determination. You can't stop me. You never could."

The tires slapped over the shoulder. The car came to a halt.

I sat and looked sullenly out the window. It was dark out there. I could almost hear the wind whistling down my neck. Could almost see the red tail lights of Sammie's car receding from view, feel the chilly hills close in on me.

"Well," Sam said, turning slightly toward me in the driver's seat. "Play it my way, or get out and walk. Which will it be?"

She shut off the headlights. The world darkened and grew quiet. I turned to look at her. Her face was lit by the green lights of the dashboard.

She made a move toward her doorhandle. Yet I knew how afraid she was, afraider than I of this dark, silent world. All I had to do was get out of the car and come around to open her door;

pull her out onto the fine gravel underfoot. She would collapse inward from the weight of her fear.

Her frail bravado moved me more than her threats.

I reached over and rubbed the tip of her nose. She wrinkled it a little, making a face.

"Harder."

I did what she asked. I always do.

She started the car, turned on the headlights again, and moved us out onto the road.

"Muscles aren't everything, you know," she said. "Now scratch my tongue."

"It's too wiggly," I laughed. "It keeps moving."

She stuck her tongue out farther. "Mmnph uh eith unnh anh."

"What?"

"Hold it with one hand and scratch it with the other, silly."

"Sam, you're disgusting." But I leaned over and tried to grasp the wiggling warm tongue with two fingers.

She laughed again; the tongue retreated.

"If you won't be serious," I said, pretending to be exasperated, "how can I do what you ask?"

"You must do my bidding."

"You're the one who's afraid of what's out there."

"Scratch my tummy," she ordered me, ignoring me.

"Where?"

"Down there. I'll tell you when you get to the right spot."

"Here?" I said, scratching her small rise of belly through brown corduroys.

"Yeah. No, you have to unzip me. Scratch skin, scratch skin."

I unzipped her trousers, and pushed down her green and brown plaid panties. "You're wearing the ugliest panties in the world," I told her, as I always did when she wore them.

"Mmhmm. I love having my tummy scratched," she said, stretching.

"Careful," I said. The car swerved a little into the oncoming lane.

"We're the only people on this road. I could drive the whole way to California on the wrong side of the road and not hit one person. Lower."

"Lower? Please?"

I hesitated.

"I said lower. Rub, don't scratch."

"Rub, don't scratch," I repeated.

My fingers gently pushed aside the soft down—how long had it been since we'd been lovers? How many people stood between us, mocking and taunting? Can you do it as well as I could? Can you still do it? Find it?

"I'm rubbing," I said and leaned over. I rested my cheek on her thigh, between her and the steering wheel.

A garden smell, rich and damp, like humus, played with my nostrils, with my tastebuds. The almost forgotten warm smell of spring. I sighed with the pleasure of being there again, and sent my fingers deeper, through the damp between Sammie's legs, searching for the spot where tendrils reach and curl, pulling my fingers deeper. I felt her rise against my hand, moving quietly as earth might shift in a garden. Rustling against my palm. Her warm breath, heightened like breeze, brushed my cheek. I turned my head so that I could watch her face from below.

Her lips tightened; eyes locked on the road.

She stirred, forcefully, and her hips set up a rhythm against my palm. My fingers searched deeper. Hips, warmth, slip, heat.

"Wait," she said, urgently, as a strobe of light from an oncoming car swept over her face, capturing the erotic shift in her features. I shut my eyes and engraved that image somewhere where I could take it out and touch it over and over when she was gone.

Cars passed.

My fingers set up a light drumming over her labia, clit, over her deep hidden flesh. She tensed, bracing herself against hand and wheel; I watched, excavating the dark from her features, filling in the shadows, impressing the face into memory. A fluttering began under my fingers, a soft flickering of flesh against flesh, expanding in growing circles to spasms in hips, to a pull of air deep through her lungs, a gasp.

"Oh Christ, damn it." Hard.

I pressed through, felt bone on palm, soft seed joined with earth under my fingers, wet seeping through. She shuddered, eyes shut for a quick second.

My hand and eyes gulped in the sensations of her climax. I willed my own breathing to slow, the desire within me to subside.

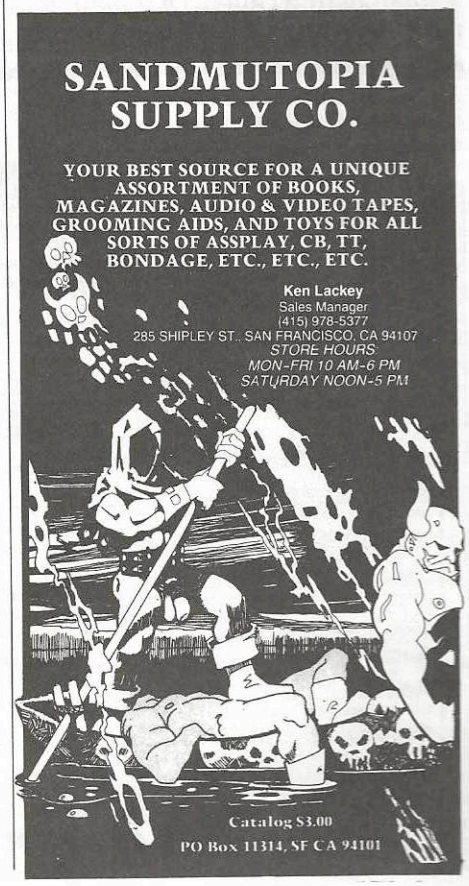
"Sam," I said, when my breath was calm. "Shall I drive for a while?"

She stared at me for a short moment. "You want yours, is that what you're trying to say?"

I nodded, my voice too thick to answer her.

She laughed.

"Maybe later, baby. Maybe. When I'm good and ready. Maybe never."



Sue Golding, a lesbian hermaphrodite, focuses her intellectual work on theories of radical democracy and popular movements. A long-time feminist and gay activist, her writings for the alternative press concentrate on the wondrous pleasures of sexual perversities and the questions that may arise for a more progressive and compassionate society. Her article in *On Our Backs* also appears in the collaberative project by L. Fernie, editor:*Sight Specific: Lesbians and Representation*, Toronto: 1987 for which republication is gratefully acknowledged. **Shari Cohen** and **Rhea Swart** celebrated Shari's birthday by travelling to the beach and building a Sandwoman, who begged them to submit her picture to *On Our Backs*. **Mickey Warnock** is a great storyteller and prolific fantasizer, whose first published fiction, "My Little Butch Fantasy", debuted in the Winter '87 issue. She is publishing a volume of her short stories, and is a contributor to the upcoming women's erotica anthology, *Herotica*. **Cathy Lee Prochazka** is one half of Midknight Pink, a Seattle gay entertainment production company, who with her partner directed an impressive evening of erotic theater for the 1987 Living in Leather Conference. Her models Touchant and Julie are lovers and erotic performers. **Touchant** was the original Ms. Leather of Seattle. **Sarah Schulman** doesn't waitress anymore. Sarah is the author of two pioneering lesbian novels *The Sophie Horowitz Story* and *Girls, Visions, and Everything*. Her new novel *After Dolores* will be published by Dutton in the Spring of '88. *Bad Girl* is an excerpted chapter. **Rebecca Ripley** hopes to be the first illegal immigrant to Mars. She sometimes wears high heels but never when standing up. Nothing she writes is autobiographical. **Mariette Pathy Allen** is a New York photographer specializing in portraits of the cross-dressed and gender communities. Her work has been published extensively in *Forum* magazine. **Jacki Randall** is a cartoonist, illustrator, entrepeneur and co-creator of the best t-shirt of 1987, *Dyke Beer* , now out of print and a true collectors item! **Desai** has a stationery fetish. Practically her favorite place to be is her office. One day soon she'll finish her novels and screenplay. At least, she has plenty of paper laid in. **Martha Courtot** is a widely loved lesbian writer, poet, and muse. Her story *Oasis*, appeared in the Fall 1987 issue of *On Our Backs*. **Laura Brill, Ellen Evans** and their friend and model **Lisa Guay** all got mononucleosis making a film about lesbian fisting called *The Quest*, which showed at the Brown University Student Film and Video show in 1987. Laura and Ellen have moved to San Francisco and are investigating the erotic possibilities of pregnancy.

C L A S S I F I E D S

On Our Backs 526 Castro Street San Francisco, CA 94114

☐ **Business:** 40 cents per word, $2 for bold headline

☐ **Personal:** 35 cents per word, $1.00 for bold headline. Includes drawer service.

Headline: _____ (4 words max)

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Name _____ Number of words _____

Address _____ Run my ad for _____ issues

City/State/Zip _____ Enclosed is total payment: $ _____

Signature _____ (I am over 18 years old)

Deadlines: the 15th of February, May, August, and November preceding the issue

Classifieds

BUSINESS

WANTED: TOPS AND BOTTOMS

to provide personal insights and experiences for documentary on the positive aspects of Lesbian S/M. Will accept anonymous submissions but am looking for an "out" woman to be both quoted and filmed. Box 287.

SALE: WOMEN'S BUSINESS

For sale: Women's nightclub and restaurant in Portland, OR. 5200'; separate lounge and dining. Very elegant. The Primary Domain, 2427 N.E. 10th, Portland, OR 97212. (503) 288-1681.

WOMANLINK

Connecting leatherwomen worldwide. SASE to 2124 Kittredge, #257, Berkeley, CA 94704.

SEXUAL MAGIC

The S&M Photographs, by Michael A. Rosen. A new book of fine art photographs of sizzling REAL, straight, lesbian and gay, sadomasochistic sex with revealing text by the participants. "The single best work on S&M I have seen."—*Growing Pains*. $23 postpaid. Shaynew Press, Dept. O, POB 11719, S.F., CA 94101.

WANTED: LEATHER WORKER/ PROD ASST.

Women's leather business seeks creative assistant with organizational skills. Job includes all aspects of production from sewing, setting hardware, through inventory, computerized invoicing, and shipping. Must be comfortable around s/m. Hours flexible, some exp preferred. Contact: Kathy Andrew (415) 626-6783.

PUBLICATIONS

SOJOURNER

National monthly feminist journal: news articles, fiction, book & film reviews. $15/1 year; $26/2 years; $2/sample. 143A Albany Street, Cambridge, MA 02139.

BLUE BITCH

Lonely? Take a bitch to bed tonight! The Blue Bitch is a lesbian feminist literary/social/political commentary. Published quarterly. Subscription $7/yr. Sample issue $2. Write: P.O. Box 12412, Columbus, OH 43212.

UNCOMMON DESIRES

Girl-love from a Feminist Perspective. Power, equality, consent, social/sexual oppression of girls in patriarchy. Ethical intergenerational relationships. The first issue of *UD*, the quarterly of insurgent girl-love, is out. For information, send SASE. Issue One: $5.00 Charter sub: $18. (Cash or money order with no payee only). No fiction, photographs, or drawings. Will not advertise or publish pictures or written erotica. c/o Aristoff, P.O. Box 2377, New York, NY 10185.

BAD ATTITUDE

Crude, irreverent and defiant, it's the hottest lesbian sex newspaper around. Published three times a year for only $10. Check or money order to Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

SPASS & MACHT

The German magazine of lesbian S/M. Features quarterly fiction, features, & pictures. Sub: $17.50/year; $4.50/single issue. Send check to: Spass & Macht, Wielandstrasse 12, D-5000 Cologne 51, F. R. Germany.

COMMON LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES

A quarterly magazine documenting lesbian experience through stories, graphics, journals and much more. We print the work of lesbians who have been kept invisible and silent. $4.00/single issue; $12/year. P.O. Box 1553, Iowa City, IA 52240.

THE WISHING WELL

Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code numbers used throughout. $5 intro copy (discreet, 1st class). NEW: "Well Talk Tapes". Inquire: PO Box G, Santee, CA 92071-0167.

HOT WIRE

Journal of Women's Music & Culture. 64 pages includes stereo recording, festival coverage, interviews, essays, great photos. Published three times a year. 1-year sub: $14/U.S.; $17/Canadian. 1417 Thome, Chicago, IL 60660.

N.Y. NATIVE

Where do THE One Out of Ten Americans turn when looking for professional or personalized services, LOVERS or PERSONALS? N.Y. NATIVE, the weekly where you know your classified ad will be read by whom you want to reach! P.O. Box 1475, Church Street Station, New York, NY 10008, or call (212) 627-2120. A pro-gay newspaper.

JUST US

A dating magazine exclusively for women wanting to meet women. $10 (refunded) for details and sample copy to JU, POB 49285-LX, Atlanta, GA, 30359.

DIMENSIONS

A non-political, lifestyle magazine for lesbians. Every month is full of fun... Advice columns, poetry, fiction, classifieds, etc... Subscriptions $24/year, $12/6 months to: Dimensions, P.O. Box 856, Lubbock, TX 79408.

GLC VOICE NEWSPAPER

News, opinion, reviews of interest to gays, lesbians, civilized straights. Subscription $15.00 a year (24 issues) or $20 in an envelope. GLC Voice Newspaper, 1517 LaSalle #E, Minneapolis, MN 55403 (612) 872-8325.

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman s/m. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Diverse national s/m quarterly by and for women. $11/yr. Single issues $3. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

GAY CHICAGO

Find out what's going on in gay Chicago. Sample copy of Gay Chicago Magazine $2. Subscriptions $60/yr $36/6 mo. 3121 N Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657.

AMONG FRIENDS

The only gay/lesbian newsmagazine for Wisconsin and surrounding area. Sample copy $2. Free personal ads! PO Box 426, Madison, WI 53701.

EXPOSE YOURSELF

Newly forming women's entertainment magazine would like to hear from writers, artists, models... interested in contributing to our publication. More information P.O. Box 28611, Sacramento, CA 95828-0611.

"DESIRE TO LIVE AGAIN"

A lesbian love story novel by Constance Casey. Send $6.95 to Lyon Books, P.O. Box 8192, Portland, OR 97207.

PERSONALS

BEAUTIFUL BOSTON SCORPIO

Dark, good-looking marshmallow butch with unpredictable mean streak yearning for luscious femme who's not afraid to show she likes it. It's been a long time since someone clawed my back and I miss it. I'm 33, an ex-hippie turned jock/construction worker. Very strong and sweet. Come on, honey, write. Box 211.

KINK TIMES

Submissive, young, black, female, very slave-like, seeks females, any race or age, submissive or dominant. For interesting get-togethers. Box 239.

RYAN SEEKING SANJI

Androgynous, well-built Italian, 28, seeks her own Sanji. Must be heavily into B/D and S/M. No fantasy is left untouched. Am looking for only those that meet the qualifications found in *Throne Triology*. Only serious need answer. Can you handle it? Box 330.

SOUTHERN GIRL

24, 5'7", 129 lbs, attractive, dark-haired lesbian into the outdoors, travel and hot romance seeks intelligent, androgynous lesbian with athletic body, strong yet tender, with much passion to share with the right woman. Sound like you? Write me. No bisexuals, drugs, or heavy alcohol, please. Box 334.

WANT TO RELOCATE?

Cute, sexy, 26, 5', 115 lbs looking for wife. I enjoy hot wet sex. I want a very playful woman who would like to move to Chicago. (Not into pain.) Please send photo. Box 335.

SERVITUDE IN LUXURY

Attractive, young, shapely, and white hot top Mistress seeks bi-submissive young bottom for wickedly hot, intense sexual relationship. Leather, B&D, and S&M invoked as necessary to ensure devotion. Worthy slave will participate in very high standard of living, with all needs provided—possible live-in to worthy suitable. Discipline requirements may also include enforced menage-a-trois participation with my panty-trained submissive husband. All sincere answered who respond with detailed frank letter, photo, and SASE. Write today; a lifestyle of luxury and pleasure awaits my suitable pussycat! Box 348.

SEDUCTIVE BEAUTIFUL BI

Extremely sexual, gorgeous, blue-eyed, blonde bi with a hot body and a useful boyfriend craves erotic pleasures with other women. Can be a strict but playful mistress, or a passionate sexual submissive. San Francisco. Box 349.

YOUNG FIRST TIME LESBIAN

Young married lesbian seeking bi or gay girls. Teach me hot sexual lesbian love. Live-in lover, young, slender, attractive! I'm 5'2", 110 lbs., 23 yrs old. Nude photo please. Box 360.

NORTHWEST FLORIDA

Attractive lesbian seeking sincere gay woman, 25–45, for friendship and/or loving, committed relationship. I'm 27, 5'4", 118 lbs, have dark eyes/hair. Smoker and social drinker. Somewhat femme in appearance but basically just a dyke who likes art, rock music, body building, camping, fishing, cud-

dling, and savoring sensuality. Will consider S&M. Send letter, photo if possible. Box 362.

I WANT YOU

Submissive, young, attractive, slender femme wants dominant butch or femme to beat and eat me. Just new to San Diego. Like Blacks Beach, long walks, psychology, wide variety of music, motorcycles, cooking, and slow, deep butt pluggings. Age, race unimportant. Write explicitly. I await your brutal but sexy touch! Box 363.

ENEMAS WANTED

M-F TV seeks dominant lesbian mistress who wants to make gay TV enema patient/slave pay. Seek spankings and enemas and will provide anything you want. Trained by lesbian ex-lover to be female. Honest ad by honest person seeking transgenderization. Box 364.

MASTER WANTED

Beautiful petite blonde seeks strong, dark, passionate woman. Free spirited and powerful enough to dominate a very fiery lady. Experience and imagination a must. If you know you can tame me, tell me. Box 365.

ANXIOUS VIRGIN IN PENNSYLVANIA

Attractive, 5'6", 117 lbs, 20-year-old college student would like to meet a slender white feminine companion, 20–25 for possible long-term relationship. Must be a non-smoker, social drinker. No druggies. No wild games. Please send letter and recent photo. Box 366.

FAMILY AFFAIR

Lovely lesbian mother and daughter (we look like sisters) seek young wild lez/bi who wants to experience the depths of depravity and the heights of the bizarre. We specialize in fantasies, B&D, S&M, anal play, slavery, fetishes, and good old fashioned kissing, cuddling, and pussy eating. Picture please. Box 367.

HOT EAGER NEWCOMER

Lusty, romantic, sensuous, 22, busty but rather thin seeks woman to share passion and fun. Help me learn or let's learn together! Dance and "work out" with me! D.C. area. Photo and letter gets same. Hurry! Box 368.

MOVING TO SAN FRANCISCO

I am a bartender moving to San Francisco in March 1988. I plan to fly out during January to do some scouting for bars, apts., etc. However, I've never been to San Francisco and would like to meet someone, ideally another bartender, to acquaint me with the city. I appreciate your help and look forward to hearing from you. Box 372.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals
   526 Castro
   San Francisco, CA 94114

FT. LAUDERDALE, FL AREA

Foxy 24-year-old GWF wishes to establish a very special friendship/relationship with same. I have long brown hair, brown eyes, a 38-26-36 figure, and long sexy fingernails. Please enclose photo and SASE. Reply to: Ms. Mindy Ellen, P.O. Box 25904, Tamarac, FL 33320.

NAUGHTY IN LOS ANGELES

I'm 42, 5'11", Caucasian, 230 lbs (should weigh 150) (I'm descended from a tall family: father 6'6", 2 brothers 6'8"). I desperately need a disciplinarian to force me to behave. I'm very responsive to proper guidance and tall, muscular women. Box 370.

COLUMBUS, OH

Am 26 and new to area. Looking for correspondence and friends from this city and all over. Interested in metaphysics, wicca, theater, wimmin's music, literature, and having fun (all kinds!). I am an 80s feminist with romantic ideals. Waiting for you... Box 373.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

Attractive, white female, 23, blonde hair, green eyes. Pretty inexperienced but eager to learn. Looking for an attractive black or hispanic female to "show me the ropes." Box 374.

DADDY'S GIRL WITH NO DADDY

Hot femme submissive needs a lot of attention. A top who is strong minded and ready to discipline. Send letter and a photo. Box 377.

YOUNG LESBIAN TRAVELING WEST

New England young lesbian traveling west in Spring 1988. Loves to model, loves to tease and then please. Would love to stay in out of the way places on my way west, time no problem. Would like to stay a couple of days a time in each spot. Loves to model. Loves to get and give massages, make love to one or two at a time, to watch and to be watched. Can be a top or bottom, but prefer bottom. Please write, send photo, and describe things you like to do. I will return a photo of myself; let's get ready for a Spring meeting. Older lesbians a turn-on for me. Box 378.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Down-to-earth, free-spirited GWF, 29. Responsible, intelligent, independent, secure, sensitive, humorous, creative, goal-oriented, non-smoker. Values honesty, communication, open-mindedness. Enjoys camping, hiking, outdoors, music, traveling. Loves animals. Discover new adventures with female. Correspondence welcome. Anywhere. Box 381.

PACIFIC NW SNAPSHOT

Our eyes meet over the crowd of dancers. With a simple glance you command my presence at your side. As the music heats the room, you turn to go. I follow. If you know, for sure, where that commanding look will lead us — tell me. Box 383.

COLD AS ICE

My Blade On Your Thigh. If you're good I'll take you places you'll never forget. Come ride with me, don't touch the leathers. Box 384.

SHÉ AND J.

In Santa Barbara, want to find you and play. "Smitty" in Eugene. Box 385.

VISITING SYDNEY

Lesbian bottom wants to make friends with Aussie leatherdykes. Arriving in April for indefinite stay. Box 386.

LITTLE GIRL IN L.A.

25 year old little girl seeks lesbian Daddy. Let's write. Box 387.

HOT TWO WANTS ONE

LA couple - GBF 5'9" 165 & GWF 5'4" 120 seeks bright, clean & sober playmate bottom. Send letter & photo. Vacationers welcome!

ACHTUNG!

High-heeled, red-lipped bleach blonde wants smart, striking, unintimidated, unshakable woman. Fast driving, risk-taking, sexually indefatigable. If you think like a lesbian, look like a straight girl and are tired of your dates being mistaken for boys, let's correspond/meet. Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville. Box 388.

PAINFULLY YOURS

and other short stories by diagonal ultra femme stranded in the Midwest. Seeking new experiences to draw from for upcoming novelettes. Only habitual lipstick users need write. Let's exchange dirty notes and thicken the plot...Box 389.

I'M EASY

Statuesque 5'10" 130 lb, .inviting, sensitive, fun loving, adventurous androgyne seeks sexy, firm, sensuous, like-minded lover. My fist or yours. My long legs wrap around you as I find the buttons you want pushed. Have your way with me. Latex and leather. Sexy garments. No pain, let's share feelings, fantasies. Box 390.

DOMINANT ANDROGYNE

Seeking attractive, submissive young femme for profound yet fulfilling relationship. Your interests should include: nature, the beach, good music, wearing lace, breast/ass/foot worship, mild bondage, obeisance, masturbation (with and without toys), shaving and lovemaking. You should NOT be interested in: drugs, tattoos, head games and narrow-mindedness. Reply with letter, photo, phone. Southern California. Box 391.

BUTCH OR ANDROGYNOUS

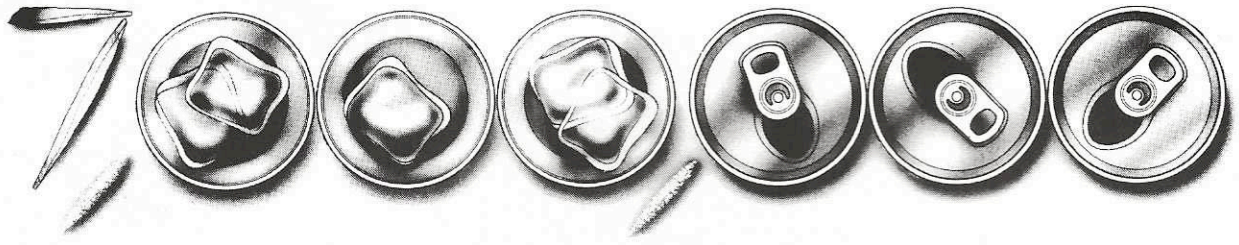
Over 35, over 5'3". Are you into having fun? Do you like trips to Mendocino? Hot tubs, beaches, and Redwoods? I am 5'3", 110 lbs., femme, non-smoker, a happy casual nature lover. I can offer modest accommodations and entertainment. Picture on request. Will answer all. Box 392.

LOVE LIFE GETTING BORING?

Take me to the ballet, theatre, opera... then take me home and I'll take you to the moon. I'm good-looking, big, and can be very butch or very femme. No S/M, no drugs. San Francisco. Box 394.

SEEKING A BI-FRIEND

West Chicago suburbs, easy going single white bi-female. Would like to meet bi-girls in my area for fun times. Sincere & clean, photo a plus.



ALCOHOL AND DRUGS ARE REALLY DOING A NUMBER ON US.

If you think drugs or alcohol are keeping you down, you are in good company. One out of every three gays and lesbians are in the same boat. That's 7 million of us, struggling with the disease of chemical dependence. And sinking fast.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Introducing Pride Institute, America's first in-patient drug and alcohol treatment facility run by gay men and lesbians for gay men and lesbians. We offer you a chance to clear the drugs and alcohol out of your life and a chance to find yourself, without the everyday distractions of your normal routine. All in the safety and comfort of a place that respects your sexual orientation while protecting your confidentiality.

Our program is based on a proven combination of 12-step experience and clinical expertise. But unlike other treatment facilities, we also offer you a chance to explore the history and heritage of being gay in a straight world.

Our goal is to send you back into that world full of the enthusiasm, talent and energy that make you who you are, proud of what you are, clean and sober and ready to go.

If drugs or alcohol are doing a number on you or someone you know, call our toll free number today: **1-800-54-PRIDE** (or, in MN, 1-612-934-7554).

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1-800-54-PRIDE (or, in MN, 1-612-934-7554)

Member National Association of Lesbian and Gay Alcoholism Professionals

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At last, a hot new fantasy line designed for Gay women. Dial 976-4377 and hear erotic tales of hot lesbian action making your wildest dreams come true. Created for women by women. It's for you. Just remember 976-HERS.

Must be 18 years old to call. $2.00 + tolls if any.